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THE FINDING OF THE RUSTY SHELL

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE BATTLE OF THE PINES

By JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD

WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT

DOWN in old Virginia, by the James, there lies a ridge of hills stretching for miles away to the west; near the river is a flat cypress swamp; back on an upland is a large old manor-house of faded brick, with white pillars before it—this was the home of Harry Sutphen.

Colonel Sutphen was Harry's grandfather. He was born many years ago in the old house—long before the war. He had played as a boy on the great roomy piazza, grown up to manhood on the broad acres, and when the war came, drew his sword quickly, for he was hot tempered, was Colonel Sutphen, for the "lost cause." When the cause was lost, he came home again to the old homestead a ruined man. He never forgave the North. It took him many years to begin to realize, even, the great change that had come over the "New South"; and by that time his grandson, his namesake, Harry, was born.

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Little Harry, when he came to years of understanding, couldn't appreciate the talk his grandfather made about the war. The old man fought over his battles with every newcomer who would listen to him. He had tried to understand, but he couldn't. He couldn't believe that "The Old Harry," his sobriquet for his grandfather, ever fought against his dear Aunt Sophia, a charming Philadelphia young lady, who came down to old Virginia, to visit her sister now and then, on the old plantation.

"Old Harry," the child would say, putting up his chubby hands against the many battle-scars of the old hero's face, "Old Harry, dere never was any war; no sir; now, dere never was any. 'Cause if dere was, where has it gone? So, Old Harry!"

This youthful logic was, of course, only answerable in kisses. Yet to the Colonel the war was not over yet. He still hated intensely the Boston abolitionists! He still vindicated secession! His neighbors treated the old gentleman with gentle indulgence; they laughed at his refusal to go north of Mason and Dixon's line; they laughed a good deal (behind his back) at his strange, ancient, warlike sentiments, which he never lost an opportunity to express.

Now and then, then more frequently as the years went on, Northern people came down to visit the Sutphens in the old mansion on the James. They might have seen, any bright, pleasant afternoon, a bent figure, clad in a military-looking coat and military hat, one of his sleeves proudly armless, strolling across the fields, holding the hand of a curly haired little boy. The figure would wave his cane here and there as he walked, as if pointing out special places of interest to the boy. If any one drew near enough, some such conversation as this would have very likely been overheard:

"Why, Harry—Harry, my lad, you are not interested—why, this—this is the very spot where General K—— was killed. Why, why, boy, over yonder, by that pine knoll—there, you're not looking—over there—the fiercest fight of the day occurred—twenty-four gun carriages were captured. And boy, boy, where are you looking?"

"G'an'papa, please tell to me about what Robinson Crusoe did when he saw the foot-prints in the sand——"

Then the old soldier would look at the boy with some anger a moment, which would quickly subside. The Colonel rarely permitted himself an unkind word to little Harry!

"Well, my boy, what's Crusoe compared to real battles and real fights and real dangers, eh?"

"Oh, Robinson Crusoe's more real than your battles, Old Harry!"

Then the Colonel would burst into a laugh.

"Bless me, boy, but I think you've hit on a grain of truth!"

But almost immediately the old gentleman would see some new object which would catch his eye and recall his mind to the battle. Then he would begin again.

"See that pile of stones, my lad? Well, the enemy had three batteries planted there; they were doing us great damage—yes, all along our line; there was a young flaxen-haired youth commanding those guns. He was a boy. Harry, my lad, a mere boy! It became my duty to charge that battery. I saw that young fellow hold his guns until the last; his men were all sabered; he would not surrender. We had to do it, Harry; we had to kill him. Brave boy! Was not his death something worth living for?"

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Little Harry stopped, and tears came into his great blue eyes. "Oh, G'an'papa, how could you? How could you?"

"Chances of war, boy; chances of war!"

"But it couldn't have been here in this field?"

"This field was a field of blood!"

"I hate it! I hate it! Old Harry, I hate your cruel war. I don't believe it's true. I will run away, and I shn'n't come back if you won't stop telling me such things; there!"

Then little Harry would glare up at the old man with his flashing blue eyes and silence him. The Colonel often pretended to be amused at these outbursts, but they cut him dreadfully. He found it so hard to bring up little Harry in the good old doctrine of Hate! Old warriors love to feel the war hatred rankling once more; it warms them, cheers them, keeps them alive! Perhaps they are trying to satisfy the terrible conscience of old age that they were justified in their conflict. Sometimes they pretend, for want of a better object, to hate their circumstances and surroundings. Colonel Sutphen pretended to hate his fate—a most delightful one, indeed, for a man to grow old and be loved in a home he had never left save in war time. He hated everything with great bitterness, yet, between you and me, there never was a kindlier-hearted, even tender, old fire-eater alive! As for little Harry, and little Harry's mother—did he hate them? I think he would have let little Harry lead him north of Mason and Dixon's line if the child had made a point of it!

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One warm April day, the negroes were plowing in one of the fields of battle which sloped with a long and beautiful curve to the James, near the house, when one of them came running to the house with "Sompen fo' de Kunnel, shuah!" It was an old shell which, thirty years before, had taken its aerial flight from a distant Federal battery, and then buried itself, without exploding, out of sight, in the soft Virginia soil. For thirty years it had lain deep down under the sod, where the bones of many of those who heard its screech lay also.

The Colonel was delighted to see the rusty relic; he took it daintily in his lean hand and held it to the light. He gave the grinning negro a silver half-dollar for finding it. He lectured all that afternoon and evening on that rusty old shell—who fired it; at whom aimed. There was quite a party of guests staying on the old plantation at the time. Every one was a trifle bored, but they listened to the story again with some equanimity; the Colonel was a veritable hero, and all true girls love a hero, even an elderly one. For the first time Little Harry seemed to take an interest in the tale of the battle. The old shell was, as it were, a bit of the testimony suddenly brought home to him of the terrible conflict which was waged between friend and friend, brother and brother, thirty years ago. His eyes were intent upon his grandfather's narrative, even while the others were idly suppressing their tired yawns.

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"Oh, give me again the glorious delight of battle!" cried the old gentleman enthusiastically. "Give me the times when brave men and lovely women were thinking of other things besides petty selfish ends! War, I say, is not a scourge—war is a blessing in its effects—it teaches patriotism, bravery, nobility of character; it teaches freedom. I, for one, am proud of that Civil War. Has the world ever seen a braver lot of

"A BENT FIGURE, CLAD IN MILITARY-LOOKING COAT AND MILITARY HAT, ONE OF HIS SLEEVES PROUDLY ARMLESS"

heroes than those who struggled on yonder field? Was the Balaklava charge any worthier the famous poem than the charge there under the old pines? I tell you, Americans are the bravest fighters in the world—they never know when they are whipped! I am glad the Civil War took place, for it demonstrated that together the North and South are a match for all the European powers! Oh, perhaps I am wrong to despise these piping times of peace! But how I would like to be in the thick of that battle there (pointing to the fallow fields where the old shell was found by the negroes); what would I not give to see that fight fought over again!"

"What," said a lady; "would you make those poor soldiers die twice? Would you make the wounded feel their wounds again? Would you make the graves, where the poor fellows lie, as you have often told me, piled one on the other, open and give up their dead just to have them suffer again?"

Little Harry said, "I think so, too."

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"You will never make a soldier! You are too tender-hearted!" said the old Colonel bluntly. Little Harry winced. He had hurt the boy's feelings. He knew it at the time, and he tried to cover it by being even more brusque.

"We will send little Harry to a girls' boarding-school!" he laughed. "If there should come another war I should expect to see him staying home and tending the plantation! That's what he'd do!"

"I—I should be—er—er brave as Old Harry!" cried the boy, flushing. And those who saw his fine, clear, blue eyes flashing with indignation, felt the truth of his words.

"I would die on the battle-field!"

His grandfather, although laughing, caught him passionately to his breast. "Harry—Harry!" he cried. "I knew it! I knew it! You are my blood, Harry—and you can't help it. Boy, I tell ye, I reckon on ye to keep up our family sperrit when I'm dead and gone! Things are changing for the bad. There is too much trade, too much commerce. There is no chivalry left. There is no sense of personal honor. Boy, I tell ye to strive against the tide of commercial life which is drowning out and choking out the very stuff which made the heroes of yonder field!"

The boy hardly understood the full purport of his grandfather's words, but in his heart he still felt the odium of the old gentleman's insinuations as to his cowardice. "Sent to a girls' boarding school!" Young as he was, the clumsy wit cut him to the quick. He brooded over the words, which seemed to be burned in upon his soul: "You will never make a soldier: you are too tender-hearted!"

Little Harry longed for some occasion to arise on which he, a child, could show that he was not afraid—even to die. Children never have the credit of extreme sensitiveness. Things are said constantly to wound them which, if said to their elders, would instantly provoke a quarrel. A boy is not so sensitive to a variety of subjects as he is upon his personal bravery. When this is attacked, watch him! He broods long over his sorrow until time and boyhood sports cause him to forget and forgive.

While Little Harry was hardly more than a child, he had always been a thoughtful one. He had walked and talked so much with his grandfather. It is no wonder that for several days after the cruel, thoughtless words of the old gentleman, he should have little or nothing to say to him. It was cruel to laugh at him before strangers even though he felt that the ladies who overheard what his grandfather had said were altogether opposed to the warlike sentiments expressed.

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It made the old gentleman sad not to have little Harry come to him as of old. He took his walks alone now, and had no one to talk to, for little Harry refused to go out with him. After enduring this for two days, the elder made up his mind to apologize, which he did in a very ceremonious and handsome fashion, as one gentleman to another under the Code. He was forgiven. They took their walks again together; nevertheless, the boy longed in his heart for his opportunity to show Old Harry that he possessed as brave a spirit as he, and that the imputation of cowardice was unbearable to the boy as to the elder. Alas, that was not long in being afforded him.

It was a gay party, that beautiful week in May, on the old plantation. Many had come down from Washington where Little Harry's father was in Congress. There were handsome women and noted men gathered on the broad piazza of the old Southern mansion by the James. The day was fine—not a cloud dimpled the wide expanse of sky seen through the delicately etched roofing of the grand old pines above them. A riding party was planned, some of the horses already before the door; a handsome girl was being assisted to mount; every one was gay and full of excitement over the prospective ride; the old Colonel came out from the house, holding the old bombshell in his hand.

"Oh," said the young beauty; "we are to have another lecture, I suppose, on the Civil War! How interesting"

Those who were near enough to hear her, laughed.

"See," said the Colonel; "I believe it is still full of gunpowder. Do you see that little tuft? That is a part of the fuse."

Harry drew near his grandfather and looked at the old rusty shell with boyish interest. He was now a well-developed lad of fourteen, very athletic and erect, like his grandfather. His father, while in Congress, saw little of his son, and as the boy had spent most of his life on the plantation, the Congressman, who was home on a visit, was somewhat surprised at his manly appearance.

"Come here, my boy. You are really growing up to be a man!" he said, proud of his son. "Would that your poor mother were alive to see her boy."

"Would she believe her boy as brave as you and grandpa are?" asked Harry.

"Why not? Why not?"

"The old Harry doesn't believe I'm brave," said the boy. "But I'll show him some day!"

The party of ladies and gentlemen, most of whom were from Washington, crowded around Colonel Sutphen as he explained to them the history of the old unexploded shell. The shell was not a large one, and was now yellow with rust and rime.

"Falling as it did," explained the Colonel, "in soft, loamy earth, it failed to explode. A valuable relic," he said. "I wouldn't part with it for its weight in silver dollars. I'll keep it for an heirloom."

"Perhaps it will light," said a gentleman laughingly, who was smoking a cigar. "Let's see!" and without thinking he took the shell and touched the little tuft with the lighted end of his cigar. Instantly the fuse, now dry and inflammable, flashed up. The gentleman who tried the amusing little experiment, dropped the shell on the ground. It threatened instant death to all. Suddenly little Harry darted from the steps of the piazza where he had been sitting very quietly. He seized the hissing shell in his arms and ran with it away from the house, and flung it from him. They heard a sickening thud; they saw the boy fall, then ran to him as he lay upon the grass, a thin stream of blood dyeing his white shirt.

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The old war shell had but partially exploded, but it had performed its fatal mission at last. Little Harry was mortally wounded—in the Battle of the Old Pines!

His grandfather ran to him; he was filled with a strange, wild pride in the boy. He kneeled at his side.

"Speak, Harry—speak to old Harry," he cried in agony, as he bent down to the white, set, childish face. "Boy, boy, it was the chances of war. There are many of our men dead and dying at your side; speak, boy! 'Twas a well-aimed shot!" His mind was already wandering back to the old days of the battle. "What message shall I take home, boy? Come, the enemy have been driven in; the victory is ours!"

"Victory is ours!" repeated the boy dreamily, opening his eyes and staring at the poor old Colonel, to whom the shock was too great to endure.

"They are cheering; hear them, Harry? They are cheering their Colonel; they are going to make him a Major-General, Harry; they say the victory was due to him. But if it kills you, Harry, I—I sha'n't care much—for the victory—but I've made you a soldier, boy——"

"Old Harry——" Here the poor boy choked, as he gasped, "I can never be a soldier! I am not brave enough!"

Then his breath came shorter, and he passed away, under the great pines, under the cloudless blue sky. He had given up his life for others, just as had they who, thirty years before, moistened the sod of yonder hill with their blood! The war of Hate still claimed another victim! The shot fired in '63 had killed one more of the "enemy," as if the far-seeing gunner had directly aimed at the gentle heart of little Harry—to make him suffer and die.

For many days the old Colonel continued out of his mind. He was in the midst of the conflict again. He shouted war-cries; he lead his troops once more in the memorable charge up the hill; he wrote reports of the battle; he rode, in his imagination, all day and night, across country, living over again the stirring war scenes. By degrees he grew quieter. Then ensued a period of rational coherency. He asked for little Harry. Why did he not come and see his old Harry? Was he still angry? Little Harry was a brave little lad—aye, a lad after his own heart. Then his mind grew steadier, and he began to sorrow too deeply for want of seeing the boy; they gradually told him all.

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They were surprised at the effect of the disclosure. Strangely enough, it seemed to bring peace to his soul. He smiled with a sense of strange joy.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" he cried. "You have died a hero—and you might have lived to old age in these times and have never had the opportunity! You and I shall meet, Harry, and we shall shake hands together as comrades who have shed our blood in the great battle-field of Old Pines!"

It was too bitterly cruel a punishment to the old Colonel. It was too tragic an end to his kindly hopes for the boy, and his possible soldierly career. For he had set his heart on little Harry's going some day to West Point. It seemed a sort of injustice that the war could reach out after so many, many years, and seize so innocent a victim as his brave and beloved Little Harry!

Since his grandson's death, it is no wonder that the old Colonel has aged a great deal. He walks about very little. They tell me he feels his old wounds very sorely. He almost never speaks of the war now, nor of the Battle of the Pines, which was fought years ago upon the old plantation. He remains silent a good deal, and presents to the eyes of his family a picture of melancholy.

In his bedroom, where he sits for hours before the wood fire, he has all of little Harry's things arranged where he can see them; his jack knife, which he gave the youngster on his birthday; his little tin sword; his soldier dress, his helmet; he loves to have them read to him old accounts of war times, the lives exceedingly monotonous and uninteresting to the rising generation, no doubt, of illustrious rebel generals; histories written from both standpoints; but most of all he loves to have them read a little crumpled letter, very much misspelled, which was written by little Harry during the only week of absence the boy ever had from home during his happy life. In the letter there was one crumpled line which seemed to affect the old gentleman more than another, but which he read oftener. It was:

> "Old Harry, god doam lik war, an god doant lik yew to tawk war, but I wish it was war now—I'd fite, you bet. From your own little HARRY."

They read him, with their tears, the letter, and they read him the Holy Writ; they tell him of the great change which is going on in the South; of the hopeful new youth which is springing up upon its soil. But he is sad and feeble. His wounds trouble him greatly. He will soon pass away. Yet who will forget brave old Colonel Sutphen, one of a brave, honorable class that is slowly fading into history? The brave, truth-telling, honorable, high-minded Southern gentleman whose temperament, if perhaps not cool or calculating, is at least generous and heroic.

DRAWINGS BY F. McKERNAN

IN HER set it was not fashionable to have feelings. Any display of feeling was looked down upon as a manifestation of childish innocence. As for ardor of the good old style, that was positively vulgar. They had dabbled in the Unknowable Hazy, and were all of the cult, of course, and high-rounders, too. They chewed Ibsen, mangled Emerson, and had words of approval for Browning. If you go to some earlier towns and look about, you will find such girls there. They wear reform dress, and they cling closely to cremation. Their lack of fervor is due to many things. Chiefly, it is the reaction from soulful esthetism. That reaction has made enthusiasm a mere drug in the local market.

Enough of prologue, now for the story:

Eva Donahower—Eh-va, please, not Ee-va—had passed through a lower boarding-school, a higher boarding-school, a female academy, a music conservatory, a course of classics, another of Tolstoi, a severe round of botany, a delightful whirl of cosmogony, and now she knew everything.

Self-contained, tranquil, calm, reserved, and capable of walking the chalk-mark of absolute propriety without getting a bit off her balance, she was the leader of her set—the coolest, least impulsive girl that ever looked through eyeglasses.

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What good it could possibly do for such a girl to make a tour through the crude, raw West no one of her set could imagine. She knew more about the country than she could possibly learn from traveling through it. Why did she not stay at home and con Ibsen? That is exactly what she would have done but that a ridiculously enthusiastic aunt wanted to go to California and had dragged her along to talk to. How she should be bored by the dear, foolish, gushing old creature, to whom syntax meant as much or as little as psychics, and creamery was every bit as good as crematory. She meant well, but she never pronounced anything's name exactly right.

They went in one of those special vestibule-train excursion parties where you buy a book of tickets that sees you through everything as neatly as the minute hand goes round the clock. To her the velvet and mahogany fittings of the car interior were stupidly gaudy, and the big mirrors glared at her everywhere. As for the books in the stock library, they were the selection of a common mind, for there was absolutely nothing about the Vedas there, and the Stones of Venice had also been left out of the collection.

But to look at her, seated so placidly there in the Pullman, turning the leaves of her favorite Review, you would not have seen that anything bored her. She kept Auntie quiet by telling her that the high mesas over which they were passing were explored by Cabeza de Vaca in 1537, who was followed not long afterward by Don Francisco de Coronado, Governor of New Galicia, who discovered the Pueblos and Pimas; that the Aztecs, that were so insisted upon by the guide-book, were in reality a mythical race; that the monolithic cereus giganteus, which common people called the giant cactus, had lingeous fascicles, vegetated vigorously during a portion of the year and then took a rest; also that it was botanically allied to the grossulariaceæ, vulgarly known as gooseberries and currants; that the agave Mexicana was the true century plant, though its blooming only once in a hundred years was a fairy tale, and lots more like that, which had a somnolent effect on her relative.

The dear old creature would persist, however, in throwing up her hands and gushing over some tall candle-like stalks of vegetation that blossomed out at the ends in beautiful sprays; but she calmed down a little when she was informed these were only some specimens of the yucca whipplei, whose flowers were campanulate and inodorous, and which always grew in a dry, sandy soil and at considerable altitudes.

All this dispassionate talk had its results. It awed the passengers, for one thing. As Miss Eva stuck her little labels on the botanical, geological and ethnological curiosities seen along the way, and they were put on the shelf, so to speak, for the inspection of everybody, she became quite the person of the whole party, but she was unconscious of it.

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With all the coolness of the agnostic she told of the sun-worshipping savages and of those who bowed down to wood and stone. And she never even smiled when Auntie asked whether such or such a strange plant was "'digenous" or "indigenous."

At Cactus Springs—a most barren and God-forsaken place—the train was side-tracked. This was by arrangement with the excursion managers, to whom the stop meant a lump sum, as the owner of the springs, which were a recent discovery, was anxious to have tourists make their acquaintance. For lest the water would not taste badly enough to leave a strong impression on their minds, the man who had his money at stake on them had dosed two of the springs with asafœtida and had stuck a half-burned gum-boot under the rocks at the bottom of the other.

Miss Eva did not like the water, though some of the passengers declared it was equal to anything at Spa. She picked up a broken bit of limestone and told them what age it belonged to, and then assisted at the dissection of a Gila monster, which she called a heloderma suspectem, and classed as one of the saurians. At this the passengers marveled. There was evidently nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth that she had not at her fingers' ends. Nice, taper fingers they were, too. And she was so coolly, properly pretty all over that any one of the young men, or the middle-aged and married either, would have run his legs off for her had she said the word.

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There was a corral not far from the springs, and in it a half-dozen cowboys were "lass'ing" calves and clapping their brands on their green young sides. Most of the ladies shut their eyes when the hissing, hot iron sent its little puff of smoke up from the vealy hides, and put their hands over their ears when the calves bleated their remonstrance. But not so the calm, dissective, analytical Miss Eva Donahower. She saw it all, even to the slitting of the ears of the little beasts—a further mark of proprietorship—with the first real show of interest that had flashed from her eyes on the whole trip.

She looked at the dust-covered, unshaven men in the corral. They wore woolly chaparejos and bestrode very lean horses. Here was the plain, unvarnished cowboy of real life. She had thought him to be something more romantic and much more interesting.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from A Pretty Bandit, a collection of stories by Frank Bailey Millard. Published by the Continental Publishing Company, New York.

Ah, there was one who did appear of the type seen in magazine pictures. He was cleaner than the rest, was shaven, and, furthermore, he was big, dark, handsome, and wore his flap-brimmed slouch hat so jauntily. He might be a Duke in disguise. He looked at her and she at him. In that moment there actually came to her a sensation. She could not have believed it but that it seemed so really real. Her eye swept the desert, and a few of the nearest giant cacti were not cereus giganteus, nor vegetation of this or that age, but hazy gray-green pillars that shone in a mellow light. But this was only for an instant—in a flash—for the wild western wind had only lifted the thatch of Eastern reserve and erudition ever so little. And there was the cereus giganteus, in its monolithical formation, with its ligeous fascicles and simplex convolutionary paucis, and all the rest of it—in its entirety—just as usual.

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Petie Grice, the handsome, darksome cowboy, watched her as she wended her way down toward the mouth of the cañon, looking for geological specimens, and he said:

"That girl don't know where she's going. She ought to be looked out for. Red Shirt Cañon isn't any place for a woman to wander about in."

So he watched her until she had gone along the trail a little distance, when some rocks rose up and hid her from him.

Ten minutes slid by, and she did not come back. Petie left the corral and trotted his broncho down the trail until he came to the rocks. There he heard a scream—a genuine Boston scream. It came faintly to his ears, but it was enough to cause a hard pricking of his mustang's sides and a reckless dash down the cañon.

Where was she?

He looked here, he looked there, and he lost much valuable time, but he did not find her. The heat-haze flickered across the faces of the rocks, distorting them strangely. There was no telling where she was. Finally he shot out of the other end of the cañon, which was only a short gash in the ridge, and then he saw a cloud of blinding white dust and two horses flying away. On one was an ugly, hairy Apache, and on the other, very much against her will—for she was firmly fastened there—was Miss Eva Donahower, of Boston.

The ten-foot piece of hair-rope, fastened to her horse's head, was strained taut, and one end of it was wound about the Apache's wrist.

It was awfully, reekingly hot, as they skimmed the crisp alkali patches or ambled up the sandy hillocks. The sun was smiting the unparasoled Miss Donahower and was pinking her white face. She was in no great terror, for she saw the cowboy in pursuit and felt that there was going to be a nice story-book rescue, but in that eyeball-searing blaze cremation was losing another enthusiastic advocate.

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Other things were being apostasized from as well in that hard ride. For a placid young woman was beginning to see something of the earnestness of life as exemplified in the Colorado desert, and she was actually beginning to have feelings. Story-books would, she felt, interest her after this.

The Apache made the blood run from his mustang, but he could not urge the rearward horse to top speed. It is easy enough to ride a horse fast when you are on him, but when you are not on him he is likely to go his own gait—which is true, though slightly Celtic. The led mustang accommodatingly stuck his nose forward, putting his head out straight as it was pulled, but that was as much as he would do on a scant breakfast of prickly pears.

And so Petie rode up in the course of time, and then the one-sided firing began. One-sided, because the Indian had a neat way of keeping Miss Eva between them.

"Zz-ee!" whispered a bullet, very confidentially, in Petie's ear, and "phwutt!" came another that made the dust spurt up at his broncho's feet. He halted. This was not pleasant. He had no girl to get behind, and it would have been all the same to the Apache if he had had one. If only he could ("phwutt!") get the brown brute away from the girl and could get up a little closer, he would ("zz-ee!") show him how to use a six-shooter. Just wait a while.

What's that? Something the matter with his gun. Got a cartridge jammed in wrong, maybe. Or was it an Apache trick? He would take the chances. Nobody should say that he was not thoroughly entitled to the name of Nervy Grice, by which he was sometimes known.

So he rode up with a straight shoot that landed him within thirty feet of Miss Eva and her protector. Then he jerked his broncho's head to one side and gave him an ugly dig on the flank, and was quickly over to the other side of the girl.

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But you can never catch an Apache that way. He had the pride of the Boston cult between him and that six-shooter in a twinkling. And he had his knife ready at hand to use at short range.

The cowboy reined up. His riata was on his off side, out of sight, and with one hand he covertly disengaged it. Then he fired a shot over their heads, to distract the Apache's attention—though not to make Miss Donahower scream, as she did—and then he out with his riata and threw high and hard. It circled through the air with a cutting sound, and came down very prettily—right over the girl's shoulders. Her dress was thin, and as the snake-like noose snapped about her it hurt. "Lift it! Throw it off—quick!" he yelled, sticking an adjective into the remark that would have shocked the young woman at any other time For he was more than merely cut-up for having made so bad a throw.

Of course the Indian was now more on the alert than ever, and matters were at an ugly standstill for five minutes, during which the mustangs ceased to pant. Then the brown child of the desert smote the two horses and they were off on a wild gallop. There was no chance for a shot, though the cowboy spurred after them on the keen jump. Even had there been an opportunity he would not have tried his six-shooter, for his pride had been badly pricked by the miss he had made with the lasso, and he wanted another chance, that he might show that young lady from the States that he was no slouch of a bull-puncher, and that he knew how to handle a rope.

At last he saw the opening for the riata and it whisked through the air and closed on the Indian's neck. The Apache tried to throw it off, to stop his horse and to reach for his knife, all at the same time, and while he was making these efforts the middle part of the rope was running over the smooth ground and Petie's broncho was making a deadly leap to the right. That leap brought the rope up taut as a fiddle-string, and with a mighty jerk that sent the Apache's head rolling on the sand. Which did not look a bit pretty, I assure you, most emphatically.

"Whoop-ee!" blew out the cowboy, full of the pride that was in him, "that was a throw of a thousand. It was no pipestem, either, that fellow's neck. Never heard of that thing being done but once before."

This was the proper time for Miss Donahower to faint, and it was also the proper beginning of a very proper proceeding on the part of Nervy Grice—that of taking the girl slowly back to the station in his arms. She revived before they got there, and said that he was a hero, and that his saddle was a very uncomfortable one, and wouldn't he rather have her place and let her ride behind?

But along the trail through Red Shirt Cañon were strewn cast-off bits of Tolstoi, of Ibsen, of Blavatsky, of scalpel-wielding analysis and spirit-level placidity. Also a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

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She was actually enthused. She told Auntie about the occurence in words of less than five syllables. And when she introduced her hero she blushed—Miss Eva Donahower, of Boston, blushed.

"And Auntie, dear, he is the modestest young man I ever met."

"Modestest" from the lips of the careful Miss Eva! The bottom must have fallen out of all grammar. It was Auntie's turn to correct, and she revenged herself.

Of course, the fact that Petie was a nephew of the lucre-laden New York Grice, and owned all the big band of cattle that ranged in Bullhorn Valley, had nothing to do with what followed. I lay it all to the desert air—to the wind. Yes, the desert wind was the making of her and no mistake.

This was in October. They married in May, which is the month of mating.

"HE WHISKED THE RIATA THROUGH THE AIR, AND CLOSED ON THE INDIAN'S NECK"

THE MIRROR IN THE JEWEL-CASE

How I Proposed to Doris

By WILLIAM BUCKLEY

I FELT like Cortez upon a memorable occasion when the jeweler's glass door swung behind me, and, marching up to the counter, I asked for a ring.

"A ring, sir?" said the attendant. "What sort of ring?"

"An engagement ring," said I valorously.

"What size, sir?" demanded the man, docketing me mentally.

"Five and a half," I replied thinking of the glove in my pocket.

"That's rather an unusual size," he remarked, rubbing one eyebrow, "unless it's a bangle the lady wants."

"I'm not sure that she wants it at all," I murmured, producing the little sandalwood-scented bit of silk; "but that is about the size, I should think."

"Oh—it's the size of the lady's hand," he observed with mild toleration, unrolling it. "Well, sir, ladies' fingers vary in girth, and it's more usual to fit them with a piece of cardboard; but we'll do our best."

"Could not the member be reconstituted?" I asked most impressively.

•

That knocked the conceit out of him; he stared at me fixedly, helplessly.

"Fill it with powder or something," I explained, coming down to his level, now that I had him properly impressed.

It took him five minutes' self-discipline to grasp the startling novelty, but he did, and, under my direction, filled the third finger sheath with plate powder, which I rammed home with my pencil-case. Then, producing a miniature calliper, he took measurements, and began to search his scintillating stock, displaying a reverent familiarity with it most impressive to behold. Cleopatra! how they dazzled! Pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, each challenging the admiration, but checking the desire by the narrow parchment slip attached setting forth the price—$200, $250, $500; it was a charmed place, where money lost its every-day significance, for what man of spirit would be content to offer the girl of his heart a thing costing a miserable one hundred dollars when close beside it twinkled a rose diamond worth a mint of money? I felt almost pauperized, recollecting that I had only three hundred and seventy-five dollars available.

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"Now, sir, what do you think of this?" asked the shopman patronizingly, as he displayed an opal changeful as the shifting sunlight on a misty sea. "It's exactly the lady's size, making allowances, for of course she won't want to wear it over her glove, I take it."

"Are not opals unlucky?" said I, to gain time while I endeavored to decipher the price on the little tag.

"Oh, we don't hold with such superstition," replied the jeweler loftily; "but they do say one will keep you from being poisoned."

"Then I shall leave it for the next rich widow," I answered. "But what is the cost of this? I rather fancy it"

I alluded to an emerald, set amid pearls, which I already saw glittering on the loveliest hand in the world. He extracted it with a silent respect he borrowed from my eagerness, and made a measurement while I

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Black and White, where it originally appeared.

watched him, my heart beating madly. The size was exactly right; the price—but that is a detail. I decided upon it. The shopman thanked me perfunctorily, and I leaned against the counter, feeling like one who had received a great favor. But when I fumbled in my pocket for the notes and heard their crisp crackle, my confidence returned; and then, as I watched the splendid thing flashing in its velvet bed, I believed I must, after all, be a rich man, unknown to myself, so great was the suggestion of unlimited wealth thus conveyed.

"I should like a piece of glass on the inside of the case lid," I observed carelessly. "Is it usual?" I merely added that because I knew it was not.

"Looking-glass?" queried the lapidary, glancing up from a surreptitious examination of the notes.

I nodded. I knew I must be getting red.

"Well," he remarked tolerantly, "it's not exactly usual, but it's a pretty idea—heightens the attraction of the gem; makes the lady see the present from two points of view."

"Hardly an advantage, sometimes," I observed; "but can you do it?"

"Well, yes; I should think," he replied condescendingly.

"Then get it done, and I shall stand the racket!" I answered magnificently.

He hurried away to effect the alteration, his place being taken by a bald-headed salesman who wore spectacles, and talked to me over them smoothly, as one would to a person of weak intellect, while I formulated piratical schemes, and asked him puerile questions with a gravity equaling his own. He kept his eye on me in a manner which would have been flattering under other circumstances.

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When I left the shop I headed straight for Bloomsbury Square, but remembering that she might be occupied by domestic duties, decided to call later in the day. Even the ring in my pocket gave me no additional courage, and presently I began to think it was not quite Royal enough. Edging my way to Regent's Park, I hunted out a quiet spot and sat down to examine it at leisure. It was glorious still, but somehow not so glorious as I could have wished, and I was actually questioning the wisdom of my choice when an approaching footfall made me close the case. It was light, though firm, and the everlasting flint would have worn well beneath it. Something, more of the intellect than of the sense, made me look up, and I saw her coming slowly towards me, her eyes cast down.

The sensation of being shot through the heart has not, I believe, received adequate literary expression, those who experience it being usually preoccupied at the exact moment with other matters; but I think I know what it means.

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She stopped, and we gazed at each other. She was in deep black, but the pallor had gone from her oval cheeks. She made me a half-tentative bow. I sprang to my feet, and walked towards her quickly.

"I'm so glad to see you," I cried, "because—I want to restore something you forgot a few weeks ago."

"How kind of you!" she said, coming nearer to me.

"Oh, not at all," I replied; "but I hope you were not inconvenienced. I should have sent it, but I—I didn't," she lifted her eyebrows ever so slightly, but said nothing.

I put my hand in my breast pocket hurriedly, and extracted my handkerchief, which, in turn, brought to light a sheaf of letters and memoranda. I shook them out at her feet like a skillful conjurer. Then I tried the other pocket, but vainly. "It's a glove," I said weakly, gathering up my belongings, "one of yours; don't you know?"

"I recollect—I missed it," she said coldly.

Things were not going exactly as I had planned them.

"Do sit down until I find it!" I pleaded, and I am afraid that something of my trepidation showed in my manner.

She did so. I was in a gentle perspiration.

"Pray do not take so much trouble," she murmured plaintively.

"Hurrah, I have it!" I cried, and I extracted the wisp of silk from my watch pocket, where I had thrust it on leaving the jeweler's shop after completing my purchase.

"So kind of you," she observed, taking it. Then the powder ran out over her dress.

"How stupid!" I gasped, completely demoralized now, and, retaking the glove, I shook it vigorously until I had created a miniature duststorm. She sneezed. I devoutly wished that the flying machine was an accomplished fact. Some prettily turned phrases which I had been repeating all morning had escaped me altogether, leaving my mind an utter blank.

"It's ruined," I muttered woefully, for it certainly presented a piebald appearance; that was, surely, beyond all dispute.

She smiled as she looked at it. I sat down, saying desperately:

"Would you allow me to keep it—the thing is of no use now?"

"Why?" she answered quietly; but the voice was low.

"To remind me of a happy day," I replied, shying nervously.

"Indeed? I am glad that you think of it as a pleasant one," she said graciously. "My guardian was declaiming all the way back in the cab after you left us. He seemed prejudiced against you," she added, with a faint smile, which was, probably, called forth by the memories of the last time we had met.

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"He may be described as a man who means well," I observed severely. "I hope he said something actionable."

"Oh, hardly that!" she answered laughingly; "but your name happened to come up in conversation to-day, and he said that he thought you were——"

She paused; a sudden flame leaped into her cheeks, and she dropped her eyes.

"What did he say?" I demanded, trying to look away. I felt that the conversation was taking a most unfortunate turn. Perhaps I had been a little premature about buying that ring.

"He said you were an honorable man," she replied, the point of her parasol tracing a lop-sided isosceles triangle in the dust, "but——" She was much embarrassed.

"Ah, there is much virtue in that 'but,'" I observed bitterly. "Do continue; but—"

"That you ought to settle down," she continued, tossing her head, and rising suddenly as if to leave me.

"So I shall!" I cried; "but it depends upon my lady. I have her portrait here in this case. She is the only girl I shall ever care for in that way," I added. A little qualification does no harm at even the most exalted moments. "By the way, she is an acquaintance of yours, too. Perhaps you'll recognize her." And, pressing the spring, I handed the casket to her as the lid flew back. She glanced at me curiously, very pale now. Weak about the knees, I watched a child trundle a hoop past us. I could feel my heart rapidly beating out the seconds.

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She uttered a little cry that sank into a sobbing laugh. Then she sat down beside me and slipped toward me one of the hands I hope to hold when Death beckons me down the last dim turning of Life's road.

"I trust she will make you a good wife," she said gravely. And—— Well, surely you can guess the rest without my help.

"'I TRUST SHE WILL MAKE YOU A GOOD WIFE,' SHE SAID GRAVELY"

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Twenty-fourth Chapter

WILMOT did not sleep well that night; thoughts about the uncertainty of his future kept him awake till almost daybreak. He was roused from restless slumber by the postman's whistle; he got up and hastily dressed, for he knew it was eight o'clock, and he was looking for a letter from Muriel. On the table below he found two letters addressed to him, but neither was in her handwriting. One was from his father, and to his surprise it bore the New York postmark. He tore it open. It was as follows:

> "*My Dear Son:* I got here this afternoon, and am sick and in great trouble at this hotel. This will reach you early in the morning. For the love of mercy, come down and see me.
>
> "Your affectionate father,
>
> "King's Hotel. JASPER LEE."

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The young man's blood seemed to stand still in his veins. His mother's fears in regard to her husband had doubtless come true. Surely nothing but an awful emergency could have caused Jasper Lee to write such an humble, despondent appeal to his son. Wilmot held the other letter unopened in his hand. He had no time to read it. It might be an invitation to a reception, to a tea, tickets to some recital—he cared not—but he thrust it unopened into his pocket, as he hurried down Broadway to take a car for down town as quickly as possible.

King's Hotel was near the Battery. Its loftiest rooms looked over Castle Garden and across the water to the Statue of Liberty, and out farther seaward to where the horizon met the surface of the ocean. Wilmot entered the office and asked the clerk if Mr. Jasper Lee were staying there. The clerk looked at the register and nodded; "Would the gentleman send up his name and take a seat?"

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Wilmot laid a card on the tray the office-boy held toward him, and sat down in the little reception room to wait. The time dragged slowly. Wilmot's impatience and fear grew as the minutes passed.

His heart was heavy and oppressed with dread of learning his father's trouble. Suddenly he thought of his other letter and quickly opened it. To his astonishment, three five-hundred-dollar bills fell out from it into his lap. The letter ran as follows:

> "MR. WILMOT LEE:
>
> "*Dear Sir:* I trust you will not be offended by the liberty I am taking. In a very indirect way, I have learned that you are a deserving young man of great promise in the profession you have entered, and as I am led to believe you have only a limited income and that you will put to a worthy use any money intrusted to you, I send you the inclosed bills. I shall not sign my name to this communication, so that you need not try to return the money. That you may not feel hesitation in making use of it, I promise you that I will some day, when you are rich and famous, call on you and introduce myself. With best wishes for your prosperity, I am,
>
> "AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER."

Noticing that the bell-boys were regarding him curiously, Wilmot put the money and letter into his pocket. Something in the wording and the assumed handwriting reminded him of Mrs. Sennett. The next instant he was sure she had sent the money, for he recalled a conversation he had had with her about the publication of certain short stories of his. He had told her that a publisher had offered to bring out an edition in exquisite style for twelve hundred dollars.

"The gentleman said to bring you up." It was the boy who had taken his card upstairs, and he pointed to the elevator.

At the door of a room on the top floor, Wilmot tapped. Already he had forgotten the large amount of money in his pocket. He had dismissed it with the determination to return it to the sender that very day.

"Come in," a voice called out within.

Jasper Lee was lying on the bed in his rumpled and soiled clothes; his hat had fallen from a table and lay with his dusty boots on the floor. The old man sat up on the side of the bed, held out his hand sheepishly, and muttered some unintelligible words intended for a greeting. His face was haggard; he appeared ten years older than when Wilmot had last seen him.

"What's the matter, father?"

"I've been sick ever since I left Norfolk," said Jasper Lee. "Came by water. I wish it had killed me!"

"Father, I'm very sorry to find you so done up. Very sorry, indeed!"

"Wait till I tell you all," blurted out the old man. "I'm not much sick, but I must tell you something. Wilmot, I am in a hole, and if you can't think of some way to help me out our family name is gone. That's all there is about it. You must help me."

"Help you, father? In what way do you mean? How can I help you?"

The old man sat up and began to look for his boots. Wilmot brought them to him.

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"Thank you, son." That slip into innate politeness reminded Wilmot of his childhood, when he had often heard people say that Jasper Lee was a born gentleman. The old man made a quivering attempt to draw on one of the boots, and, failing to do so, threw himself back on the bed and lay still, his face covered with his hands.

Wilmot sat down on the side of the bed. An awful curiosity to know the worst had taken hold of his heart and was pressing it. Through the window he caught a glimpse of moving ships, ferry-boats, and the sunshine on the white-capped water. How strange for the rest of the world to be moving in an ordinary manner while all within him was turmoil—despair! When Jasper Lee next spoke he did so with his hands over his face.

"My son," he groaned, "I'm nothing but a common thief, and if something isn't done to prevent exposure I'll kill myself. It shall never be said that I went to prison—a Lee never did. I'd far rather die."

Wilmot felt as limp as a damp cloth. Muriel Fairchild's image had a way of rising before him in the midst of difficulties. He now saw her by turns in every gown he had ever seen her wear. But the picture that remained was a vision of the fair girl as she stood by his side on the veranda of her house. They had been talking over the plot of a story he was planning. "No," she had said. "I don't think it will do to have her marry the son of a thief. It would be incongruous—inartistic; it would leave a bad taste in one's mouth." Those were her very words.

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When Wilmot next spoke to his father he had banished the vision from his sight.

"How can I help you, father?" he asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Unless I can raise a good deal of money, you can't," answered the old man. "I'm in an awful fix. I got to speculating, and it went against me. I tried to right myself by making a temporary use of some of the store funds, pretending that certain unsettled bills for merchandise, in New York, were unpaid. They've been sending urgent letters about it, all of which I've prevented the president from seeing. I wrote to the merchants that I would be here to-day and settle. I am here, but without a dollar to my name, and unless I make a big payment my arrest is certain. I thought there might be a ghost of a chance that some of your acquaintances up here might lend you some money, or else go my security, or something!"

"Father," and Wilmot's voice faltered, "I had to pawn my watch last night for money to pay my room-rent. I've had a harder time than you know; you heard, of course, that the publishers who first took my book failed. That delayed me, and——"

A groan from his father interrupted him.

"You cannot raise the money," said he. "I might have known that. Writers never have a cent ahead. But I tell you I must have a thousand dollars or I'll kill myself. I'm ready. I bought the stuff last night."

A great terror seized the heart of the young man. He tried to think calmly. "Could Chester—Harrison—Mrs. Sennett——" Then he remembered the money she had anonymously sent him; his heart beat wildly.

"Father!" he cried, "I can borrow the money you need; I have had that much

loaned me—sent me for another purpose—to help me on with my work, but if you'll take it, and settle the debt, and promise to help me refund it when you're able, I'll let you have it. Don't you hear me, father?"

Jasper Lee raised himself up, his one eye blearing incredulously toward Wilmot.

"What?" he gasped tremulously.

Wilmot repeated the words he had said.

Hope began to kindle a fire in the old man's breast. He stood up, made a step forward, and laid a trembling hand on Wilmot's shoulder. "My dear boy——" he began, but he choked and began to cry.

Wilmot loved him now as strongly as he had ever loved his mother, and that is saying much. It was only by a superhuman effort that he kept back his own tears.

"Will a thousand dollars cover it, father?"

The old man nodded, in lieu of words, for he had choked again. He went awkwardly to the wash-stand, turned on the water and began to bathe his face. Wilmot knew he was trying to master his emotion, and said nothing. After a moment, which passed in total silence, the ex-soldier turned and came forward, walking as erectly as his limp would permit him to do, and took Wilmot's hand.

"I want you to forgive me for all I have ever said against your writing," he said, keeping his glance from the money on the bed. "If you hadn't come to New York, and made friends, you never would have saved me. My boy, as sure as I live, you sha'n't lose by this. I've had an awful lesson. I'll settle with these people at once, and then"—he drew himself up to his full height and raised a quivering hand aloft, "I swear by all that's sacred that never—never again will I ever use any money but my own."

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Twenty-fifth Chapter

THAT afternoon Wilmot called on Mrs. Sennett. He found her at the door taking leave of Mrs. Langdon.

"You have certainly ignored me completely," said the latter, touching him playfully with her fan. "If you were never in this part of the town, one might overlook it, but it seems that you visit the Gallatin so frequently that even the hall porter knows your step in the corridor."

"Oh, I hope, for Mrs. Sennett's sake, it is not so bad as that," retorted Wilmot.

Mrs. Sennett made a wry face as she closed the door after her departing caller.

"You oughtn't to have said that exactly," she laughed.

"Why?" he questioned.

"Because it was an open admission that you come to see me. Dorothea cannot forgive any one for liking me; and then, you have not been to see her since the day I met you there; have you?"

"No; I'm sorry to say, I have not."

"She'll never forgive it."

They had stopped at the low brass table which held her tea-service. He took a letter from his pocket, and, seeing it, her eyes went down. She began to fumble with the cups and saucers.

"Have you had tea?" she asked.

"No; but I've something to say to you."

She began to draw the table toward the lounge where he usually sat.

"Why don't you offer to do this for me?"

"Pardon me, I forgot," he said, laying the anonymous letter down with an assumption of carelessness and lifting the little table over to the desired spot.

"I wonder if I've used up all that Ceylon tea you fancied so much? Let me see if the cream has been sent up. We'll need it."

She rang the bell.

"You are not acting well to-day," he laughed, when the girl had received the order and gone out.

"Not behaving myself, you mean?"

"You are a poor actress," he said, "because any woman would have the curiosity to want to know the contents of a letter which was put before her eyes, and which she had never seen before."

He liked her the better for the genuine flush of displeasure that spread over her face.

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"Is—is this the letter?" she stammered; "the letter you think I ought to be curious about? Why should I be curious about it?"

"Not at all, for you know all about it. You sent it to me."

"Well, I shall not deny it, seeing you're not angry with me. But, do you know, I was afraid you'd be silly and not let me do anything for you?"

He opened the letter, took out the remaining five-hundred-dollar bill, and laid it before her on the table.

"I've been compelled to accept the loan of a part of it—a thousand dollars," he said. "I never dreamed of keeping any of it, but this morning I met a dear friend of mine—a relative, in fact—who was in great distress. The money saved him from absolute ruin. I shall always be grateful to you for that, but I never could have accepted any of it for my own use. I hope you'll believe that."

An expression of vexation crossed her face.

"Then you'll not arrange about the publication of those short stories?"

"You didn't thoroughly understand me that day," he explained. "I did not say I would pay for such an edition, even if I'd been able. I only mentioned that I had the offer. I shall never bring out my book till there's sufficient merit in my work to make the best publishers willing to undertake it at their own risk."

"And I thought I was going to help you; it really breaks my heart to hear you talk in this way. I can't bear it."

The maid brought in the tea and the cream, and after she had gone out Mrs. Sennett proceeded in silence to prepare the tea.

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"I almost feel that you are angry," he ventured to say, after a moment. He felt very grateful toward her. Surely he was fortunate in having such a good, unselfish friend.

"I feel only deep disappointment," Mrs. Sennett replied. "I have more money than I've use for, and if I can't help really deserving people what's the use of trying to do good with one's money? And I'd rather help you than any one in the world."

To his surprise he saw tears in her eyes, and it touched him profoundly.

"You don't seem to realize how deeply I'm in your debt already," he said, bending toward her. "Nothing on earth could have made me accept the loan of that thousand dollars except an emergency you could never

"IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT MURIEL WAS ACTUALLY IN THE ROOM LOOKING SADLY AT HIM"

dream of, Mrs. Sennett—my deep sense of gratitude makes it seem but just to confide in you—your loan has saved my family name from everlasting disgrace. Just after opening your letter this morning I found a member of my family on the verge of suicide because he'd used certain funds of the firm by which he was employed. Your money saved him, and I'm sure he'll never go wrong again."

Mrs. Sennett looked at him with glistening eyes, full of sympathy.

"My poor boy! can this be true? Then—then the money did you good after all!"

"I'd rather have given it to him," answered Wilmot, "than to have published a hundred books. I owe you far more than I can ever repay."

"The truth is, I'm unhappy about something else," continued Mrs. Sennett. "Mrs. Langdon told me just now that people were talking about your visiting me so often, and—and when it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to stop it, for your sake, it almost broke my heart—it opened my eyes to a stern fact."

"And that is?" he asked wonderingly.

"That I've become foolish about you—that you have become—how shall I say it?—absolutely essential to my happiness. I don't believe I could ever be happy again if—if you stopped coming."

His heart bounded, and then it sank like a plummet. Her meaning was too obvious to be misunderstood. For a moment there seemed to him nothing unnatural in what she had so broadly hinted at, and in that moment of tense emotion her suggestion only seemed to add to his sense of gratitude toward her.

"You feel that way, really?" he asked.

Her face lighted up. Her eyes seemed to smile through her tears. Something in her face fascinated him. It all seemed a dream—or one of his most fanciful creations of the imagination.

"I should be the happiest woman in the world to be able to help you materially, and—and if we have to part I really believe I should never know another contented day."

The pathos of her tone, like an impalpable billow, suddenly overwhelmed him. It robbed him of his faculty for calculation and deliberation. He was conscious only of his gratitude, his faith in her, and her great friendship.

"Then I will not forget your kindness to me; we'll get married," he said. What mood of insanity was on him—what were these words of his that rang so strangely in his ears? At this fatal moment there was a rap on the folding door and—of all happenings in the fiendish cunning of fate—Mrs. Langdon burst into the room.

"Pardon me," she said coldly; "I don't mean to intrude on you turtle doves, but I forgot my note-book. I need it, as it contains important notes for a write-up. I went all the way to the Twenty-third Street Elevated Station before I missed it. I'm all out of breath. Do forgive me for being so awfully cruel as to interrupt your tête-à-tête."

She secured the property from the depths of an easy-chair.

Mrs. Sennett rose with great dignity. There could be no mistaking the sneer of the newspaper woman.

"I really don't think you are very polite, Mrs. Langdon," said Mrs. Sennett coldly.

"I'm sorry I intruded," replied Mrs. Langdon in a tone of irony. "If I had reflected that you wouldn't like to be disturbed, I—but it doesn't matter. I was in a great hurry and didn't think."

"You're really too personal," said Mrs. Sennett. "I've heard a great many things you have said about my receiving Mr. Lee, and it's time for you to stop. Mr. Lee has just asked me to be his wife."

•

"Indeed! You really can't be in earnest." Mrs. Langdon paused for an instant in bewilderment; then she burst into a laugh, and laughed until the tears came into her eyes and she was red in the face.

"We are in earnest," said Mrs. Sennett; "are we not, Mr. Lee?"

Wilmot nodded. He was still in a dream from which he had been only partially roused by Mrs. Langdon's entrance.

"We are," he said. He spoke the words automatically, hardly conscious of what he was saying.

Mrs. Langdon ceased laughing for a moment, and stared first at him and then at Mrs. Sennett.

"Mrs. Sennett," she began, with a little jerking laugh which she finally subdued, "I sincerely congratulate you. I shall never tease you again. Henceforth, I shall have only the most profound respect for your ability. You are a cleverer woman than your friends think you. You are cleverer than you look. You have actually accomplished it at last! Really, I congratulate you with all my heart. You are a wonderful woman."

With that she flounced through the portières and disappeared. Wilmot thought he heard her laugh as she passed through the next room, and that echo of her ridicule brought to him a sudden and strong revulsion of feeling.

"She's an envious old thing," said Mrs. Sennett, sitting down by him and bending toward him. "The truth is, she took a great fancy to you from the start, and had quite set her heart on having you hang on to her as other young men have done. When you didn't visit her, she told me it was because you were too greatly absorbed in your work; but when she heard of your frequent visits to me, she began to make fun of me. You don't like her, do you, dear?" At that word "dear," the sweetest, tenderest word in the whole vocabulary of love, Wilmot felt as if his face had been cut by the slash of a whip.

"I don't know her well," he answered, in a kind of mental stupor, scarce knowing what he had done that so suddenly crushed all hope out of him—that made him feel years older in the space of a few moments.

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Mrs. Sennett pushed the tea-table from her. She was plainly nervous about something.

"I dread only one thing," she said, "and that is her keen ridicule. I know her well enough to expect a whole tirade of gossip in announcing our engagement. She'll be sure to get it into her paper to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Wilmot, with a sinking heart, and now the image of Muriel Fairchild rose before him. The vision represented her, among the flowers on the lawn, reading the notice in The Advance. Her face was white. Her father came in at the gate and spoke to her, but she only pointed to the article, dropped the paper, and turned to the house without a word.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sennett; "the morning issue will be sure to contain what she has to say. I wish, after all, I'd not shown my temper; she's a dangerous woman."

Half an hour later Wilmot took his leave. "My God!" he said to himself, "what have I done?" And then there came to him the vague hope, the determination even, that, after all, he might yet save himself and Muriel. "I must, I must, I must!" he kept repeating to himself with rising intonation as if he were practicing scales in music. He felt the thrill of her kiss at parting. He was a fool, an idiot; he had been untrue to the only one he loved—the one he loved more than life. What had possessed him? He stopped on the sidewalk. He would go back and tell Mrs. Sennett to consider nothing settled till—but Mrs. Langdon, no doubt, had already written half of her announcements.

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It was too late. For the indiscretion of a second must he sacrifice his whole life? What diabolic power within made him speak those words? He could appreciate now how men in a moment, when consciousness or conscience were off guard, could do things that really had no part in their character. "Moral reflex action," some one called it. To retreat now would only compromise his friend and benefactress. But could he face life with Muriel Fairchild lost to him? No! a thousand times no! Yet there remained nothing to do except to make the blow fall as lightly on her as possible.

The whole world would say he had sold himself. What cared he what the world said? Oh, if he could only undo his few insane words rendered indelible by the action of Mrs. Langdon! A thousand thoughts came to him; he was not thinking—it was as if all the thoughts in his mind had exploded simultaneously. He must not sacrifice his own happiness and Muriel's! But could he save himself by dragging Mrs. Sennett's name in the dust—by compromising her? He was in a condition of mind where his keen common-sense was weakened, his mental perspective disterted; he could see nothing in its true relations. Like most conscientious persons, he could see his duty only in a sacrifice of all he held dearest and most sacred.

He reached his room—his whole soul in a tumult of emotion—and dropped into a chair near his door, too weak to go further. He bent forward and clasped his hands over his face, and his form shook with the sobs which broke from him as he murmured, brokenly: "Muriel; oh, Muriel, forgive me!" Then, a most strange feeling came over him; a consciousness of her presence in the room. It was so strong that he raised his head and looked toward his door—where she seemed to be—and looking, he saw Muriel distinctly—but like an intangible form—standing between him and the door, dressed as he had once seen her, with her hands clasped before her and a look of unutterable misery on her sweet face, as she looked at him. It was as if her spirit knew what he had done. While he looked, she began to fade from sight. He jumped up and rushed toward the door, crying in anguish of soul, "Muriel—my Muriel—stay—forgive——" Then, as the vision faded completely from sight, he staggered forward and fell prostrate on the floor—face downwards.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW KITTY QUEERED THE RACE

The Romance of a College Town

By WILLIAM LINDSEY

In Two Parts: Part I

I HEAR it whispered every now and again that the reason a probable winner disappoints is because he is drugged. This is why that quarter on which Tom White had a mortgage goes to an inferior man, and because of this Jack Lewis, who was yards better than his field, is beaten out in the "run in" of the "220" hurdles.

Now, I am prepared to say, after a longer track experience than falls to the lot of most men, that in almost all such affairs the fault is with the men themselves, who have either not done their work, or, more likely still, have overtrained and gone stale.

Indeed, I honestly believe that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the best man wins because he is the best man, and the rest of the field lose simply because they have not the legs, lungs, heart, or courage necessary to bring them in first.

I know a very few events where men were drugged to put them out of contests, but they are, in the main, uninteresting tales, which I do not care to tell.

I became acquainted with Kitty Murray when I was putting the finishing touches to the athletic team of a large New England academy—just what and where I cannot say, for very obvious reasons.

They had on their list an annual contest in field sports with a rival academy, and called in outside training talent only six or eight weeks before the games.

Kitty, with whom I struck up a friendship a day or two after my arrival, was a little English girl, as fresh and fragrant as an "Old Country" rose such as I used to find long ago in a distant Lancashire garden. She was only five years over, and it seemed like going back again just to hear her talk. We became great friends during my stay in the little town, and I shall never quite forget her in the years to come.

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I hope the story I am about to tell will not reflect on her, and it will not, unless I bungle badly in the telling of it. Now, I do not, of course, defend the "queering" of a race, and Kitty as surely put a contestant out of winning place as if she had used a drug, yet it was not done for money. The man did not deserve to win, and I confess I like her better for the deed.

Kitty's father had come from an Oldham factory, thinking, like many another, that in America he would own his mill within a five-year. The five years had passed, and he was still running his eight looms in the big weave-shed by the river, where he first went to work.

Kitty had tended her five looms by his side for a year or so, and then found more congenial, as well as more remunerative, surroundings in a little store near the academy grounds.

Its front was all window, and the stock-in-trade plainly visible from the opposite side of the street. Here was candy in jars on the shelves and in trays on the counter, fruit in boxes and baskets by the window, a huge soda fountain near the door, and an ice cream parlor back of the store, with its horrible marble-topped tables, like gravestones awaiting the inscription of "Sacred to." I have traveled a bit, first and last, but nothing more dismal than an American ice cream parlor do I remember to have seen.

While it cannot be denied that Kitty's confectionery was often stale, her fruit flavorless, her soda frothy, and her ice cream as full of starch as a Chinese laundry, Kitty herself was all right, and fresh and dainty enough to completely offset all the deficiencies of her wares.

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I can see her now, as I tell this story, with her bright "Old-Country" blushes, her soft brown hair, her blue eyes, and her trim little figure, which her daintily-made gowns always fitted so snugly.

Captain Holden, the proprietor of the store, was a long, lank Vermonter, who had run a ding-dong race with consumption for twenty years, and was likely now to make an age record ahead of many a hearty man. He lived in a couple of rooms back of the ice cream parlor, and left the management of the store very largely to Kitty's judgment.

There was a steady stream of the academy boys flowing in and out the door of Holden's store all day, ruining their digestions, and going broke on pocket money for the sake of basking in Kitty's smiles. A clever little business woman was she, too, for eighteen years, and very well aware of her worth, as Mr. Holden had learned to his cost, for he paid her what seemed a fabulous salary.

Now, my coming to the town was a serious misfortune to Kitty's business. The taking some thirty of her best customers and forbidding their accustomed indulgence in sweets, under penalty of not making the team, must have resulted in quite serious inroads on her trade.

She laughingly took me to task for this, one morning, soon after my arrival, asking me how I expected her to get her living, and declaring that Mr. Holden was looking at the poorhouse with fearful glances. And then, as I leaned on the counter, she began to pump me in a very pretty way concerning the academy's chances in the coming games, showing an especial interest in the "mile." Would I please tell her who would win in this event? She "just wanted to know."

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Now, it must not be thought that I have been in the habit of giving tips to inquisitive young ladies, for one thing a successful trainer must learn is to hold his tongue; but in this case there was no secret involved, so I told her frankly that there were only two men of any use at all, Black and Harris.

Well, would I please tell her (ladies always say "please" in a particularly wheedling way when they ask what they know they should not)—would I please tell her which was the faster of the two?

I answered that Harris was a very neat little runner, who would win in average company, but that Black's stride was too much for him, and Harris could not show within five seconds of Black's time for the distance. Here the corners of Kitty's pretty mouth dropped most suddenly, and I then and there surprised the secret that, under the folds of her flowered muslin, lurked a shy liking for Jack Harris, whether he knew it or not.

"SHE PUT IN A DOUBLE QUANTITY OF HEAVY, THICK CHOCOLATE"

This was not at all to be wondered at, for Jack was a mighty nice boy, pleasant to every one, and a fine performer in almost all branches of sport. Black was about the same age as Harris, nearly twenty, and unlike Harris, was tall and dark, and rather surly and superior. They were both to leave for college at the end of the year, considered themselves men grown, and cherished a mighty strong liking for little Kitty. They were equally anxious to win the "mile," and to this end had trained very conscientiously, breaking the tape in the sight of Kitty's bright eyes being, after all, the strongest incentive.

As the days went by I took special pains with Jack, but though he improved nicely, he could not quite reach Black, and as the time of the contests approached I could give Kitty no encouragement, much as I should have liked to do so, for I sympathized with her.

The very night before the games I went into the store and, in answer to her question, told her plainly that, unless Black was taken suddenly ill, he would certainly best Jack, and that from all reports Harris was sure of second place, as the other academy had only moderate talent to offer in the "mile."

"And would Jack win, then, if Black was out of it, or a bit off?" she asked, with a little tremble of disappointment in her voice.

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I answered that a race was never won until the tape was broken and the judges had given their decision, but that it certainly looked that way; and while Kitty was weighing out some peppermints to an old gentleman I passed quietly on through the ice cream parlor into Mr. Holden's little den in the rear. Holden and I were quite cronies by this time; we often chatted together of an evening, and I dropped quite naturally into a rocking-chair near the door, which was ajar, and through which I could get a good view of the store and of any customer, without being myself observed.

He was reading the paper with the aid of his glasses, his pipe, and a pitcher of hard cider. He filled me a glass of the latter, pushed the tobacco-jar across the table toward me, and handed me the sporting half of the paper without a word. I took a drink, lit my pipe, and pretended to read, keeping a close watch on the front shop meanwhile.

Now, I had a method in all this, which was to be where I could see that none of the boys broke training, in this most dangerous place, on the night before the contests.

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I sat smoking my pipe, and reading my paper, a fragment at a time, customers coming and going, but saw nothing of interest until about nine o'clock, when Harris entered, looking particularly well in tennis flannels and sweater. He bade Kitty a "good evening," in that pleasant way of his, and asked for a pound of mixed chocolates.

"A pound of mixed chocolates!" exclaimed Kitty, instantly alert. "Why, Jack Harris, you know you ought not to touch a single piece, and you to run to-morrow! Not an ounce will I give you."

I think Harris was pleased at the motherliness of the little girl, for he told her, without any chaffing, that the candy was intended for his sisters. "Do you know, Kitty," he said earnestly, "they would not give up their chocolates to win a world's championship?"

"I would, then," said Kitty. "It must be splendid to go win! I suppose that's what you'll do to-morrow."

"Not likely," he answered frankly; "Black is yards better, and unless he has a stroke of paralysis in the stretch, I shall have the pleasure of following him in."

"Oh, Jack," said Kitty, "I wish you could win; you must win. Can't I possibly help you in some way?"

"I don't know how," he answered, "unless you can furnish me a pair of legs as long and as good and strong as Black's."

"Don't joke," said Kitty, with a look of reproach. "If I were you I'd beat him without any legs; I'd get ahead, and stay there if it killed me."

There was in this just a hint of reflection on the boy's courage, but it was given in such good heart that he could not take offense, and he laughed in rather a forced way and said, "I suppose I am an awful duffer not to be able to call the trick, for I have worked my best, and not thrown away a single chance. The truth is, that Black is a better man at the distance, has been as careful as myself, and is not likely to take any liberties with himself until the race is over."

They talked together a moment or two longer in low tones, and then Kitty went behind the counter, with a touch of embarrassment. Jack said "Good-night."

There were only a few more customers and I was about to leave, satisfied that my men were all in bed, when Black entered.

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Now, this was clearly in disobedience of my instructions, which were, for this night, bed at nine-thirty, and it was now five minutes later by the clock over the stove. While the training of this academy team was a small matter for me, some of my best friends, whom I had handled on big college teams, were anxious for them to win, had considered the matter well-nigh settled when they had prevailed on me to take them on, and I had been very strict and painstaking in my handling of them. I was naturally provoked that Black should openly disobey instructions, and I watched developments.

I do not remember what Black said, but he made an effort to be agreeable which was not particularly successful. There was something about his manner, indicating condescension, which was not at all pleasing to Kitty's democratic spirit. She took him to task for being out after hours, but it was with an entirely different tone from that she used when reproving Jack Harris.

"I don't mean to be dictated to by any old played-out martinet of a trainer," said he gruffly. "It is all well enough for those who have no sure thing. I saw Harris going to his room fifteen minutes ago, but I'll sleep when I like, and beat him then."

At this very foolish and boasting remark, involving also a reflection on Jack's prowess, I could see Kitty's eyes flash, and her cheeks redden, and then there came over her face a very peculiar expression of determination I could not at all understand. She changed gradually from indifference to interest, and finally said, with a well-assumed air of admiration, "It must be splendid to be so sure of winning; and don't you have to train at all?"

"Deuced little," he answered. "I go through the motions with old Brown, but eat and drink just what I like, and sleep four or eight hours, as I prefer."

Now, this was a bare-faced lie, and his sin found him out very quickly, for Kitty went on to say, in her pretty way, becoming every moment more genial and fascinating, "Isn't that nice? then you can take a soda with me before I start for home."

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Black looked a bit doubtful at her offer; he had trained to the dot, and did not mean to throw away a single chance to win, but such an invitation from Kitty was an unheard-of honor; he could not very well eat his words, so he consented with an assumed alacrity, and Kitty proceeded to draw a glass of soda for him.

And such a glass of soda as it was! Expense was not considered, and profit there could have been none. I could see the whole devil's-brew myself, but Black could not, for Kitty stood between him and the glass.

First she put in a double quantity of heavy, thick chocolate, then a liberal lump of ice cream, and finally hardly enough soda to mix them. She drew a glass of Vichy for herself, and I watched as they drank.

Now, what were the reasons why I did not interfere, while my best mile-runner was getting outside of this horrible mixture?

The first was, that we did not need him to win the "mile"; the second was, that his remarks concerning myself were not inclined to make me care for him personally; the third was, that I thought defeat might teach him a much-needed lesson; and the last was, that I had not the heart to spoil Kitty's wicked little game.

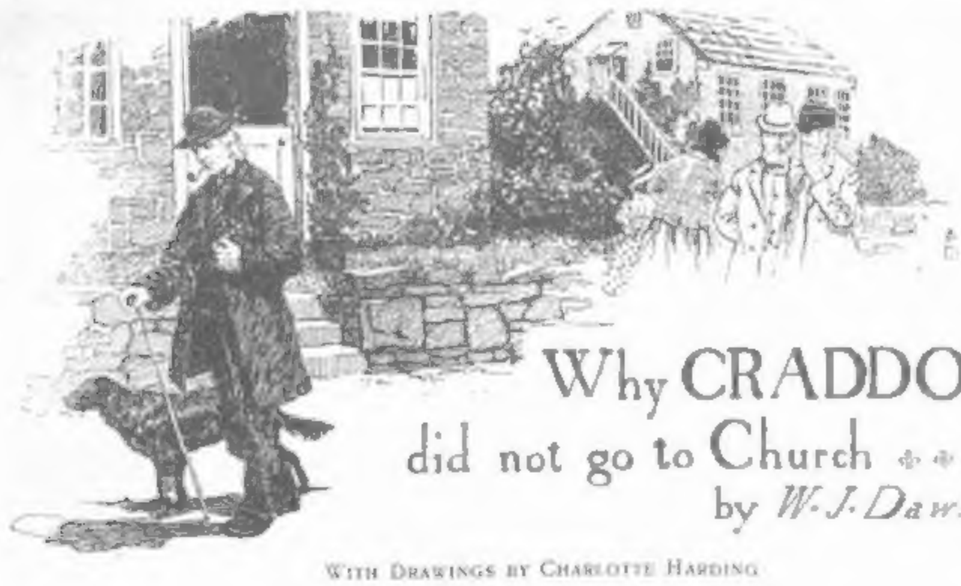
As I said before, it was as clear a case of "fix" as if she had given him a drug, and between a mild dose of poison and the glass she mixed there was little for an athlete in training to choose.

I sat in the back room for at least a half-hour longer, and saw Black drink three more glasses of different flavors.

It was after ten o'clock when Kitty put on her hat, and I afterward learned that she talked a full hour longer with him at her gate, an unheard-of thing for Kitty, who was particularly careful of gossip, and it was after midnight when he rolled into bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story is taken from Cinder-Path Tales, by William Lindsey. Copyrighted and published by Copeland & Day, Boston.



Why CRADDOCK did not go to Church

by W. J. Dawson

With Drawings by Charlotte Harding

THE reasons why Thomas Craddock did not go to church were, like his supposed reasons for being unmarried, somewhat inscrutable to the public, though no doubt sufficing to himself. When Nathaniel Dring, who had married his third wife, and had been rendered presumptuous by that circumstance, started out one fine spring morning to convert Craddock to the toleration of matrimony as a social institution of some importance, it was generally admitted that he got the worst of the argument. For when Dring asserted with quite unnecessary effusiveness that he had never had a cross word with one of his three wives, Craddock merely grunted, "How monotonous," and indicated by a slight smile, which seemed to confine itself to the corners of his grim mouth, that he regarded Dring's statement as a cunningly devised fable.

"Not as I object to your marryin' as many wives as you like," he added, by way of conciliation, "though when a man has 'ad three wives in seven years, 'tis uncommon like polygamy."

"But marriage is ordained for the mutual help, society, and comfort the one ought to have of the other," retorted Dring, with a sudden recollection of the terms of the Marriage Service, with which his acquaintance was intimate and unusual. "You'd be a deal happier for a woman to look arter you."

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"No doubt, no doubt," he replied, with a gleam in his gray eyes which wiser persons than Dring had long ago recognized as dangerous. "But s'pose she talked when I wasn't lonely, what then—eh?"

There was always something peculiarly irritating in the "eh" of Thomas Craddock. It was something between a malignant chuckle and the sharp explosive click of a secret spring, which one could fancy was ingeniously concealed in his lean throat. Craddock's throat was one of his strong points. When he spoke, what is called an Adam's apple shot up and down like the weight on the machines for the trial of the relative strength of men's fists at fairs. It possessed a dreadful fascination for children, and in the minds of older people was curiously associated with ideas of pugnacity.

"There ain't enough for us all, anyway, an' if you take more'n your share, it stands to reason some o' we poor chaps must go without. We starvin' chaps do it jest to oblige you greedy chaps—eh?"

When he had gone, Craddock hammered vigorously at the boot that lay on his lap, and said to himself grimly: "He've meekened two on 'em; I misdoubt but the third one'll meeken him before he's done wi' her—eh?"

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Craddock was a man who suffered from an unsatisfied thirst for knowledge, which accounted for the circumstance that on the wall of the dingy room was conspicuously displayed a map of the world. When he was very lonely he looked at the map, and was straightway consoled with the sense of the multitudinousness of life; when he was oppressed with the narrowness of his career, he reflected on the immensity of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and repeated the heights of the great mountains which were boldly printed on the map. It caused him a curious pleasure—or at least a negation of pain—to reflect on the number of people reported to exist in London, New York, or Chicago, a great many of whom were no better off than himself.

Many efforts had been made to induce him to attend public worship on the Sunday, but none had succeeded. He was always ready to receive any sort of embassy on the subject, but no amount of argument made any difference to his habits. Every Sunday morning he shaved, put on a prehistoric blue coat, then he lit a short pipe, and disappeared in the direction of the moors. For some years he had been accompanied by an old retriever dog, but when the dog died he never got another, and henceforth went alone.

The mystery of his proceedings was enhanced by the circumstance that he usually carried in his hand a small black book, not unlike a Bible, carefully wrapped in a big red cotton handkerchief. People who did not scruple to discuss every sort of question with Craddock had never quite ventured to ask him what was the book he took with him on his solitary Sabbath walks. Perhaps it was because there was a certain something in Craddock's grim mouth which warned them not to go too far with him.

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It was not until Reckitt, the new curate, came that Craddock's doings attracted wide notice. Reckitt was an indefatigable little fellow, with strong views on the divine necessity of state churches. He was partly lame in one foot, but his lameness did not prevent him tramping up and down in all weathers in heroic attempts to shepherd a scattered and recalcitrant flock.

He never wore an overcoat; if he had he would have covered up the silver cross which was conspicuously displayed on his black watch ribbon. Motherly women, with a sound traditional faith in the virtues of flannel, were much exercised in their minds on the conjectural subject of his underclothing, and said he did not look strong. But the little curate limped upon his heroic way ignorant of these criticisms; no one but himself knew that, according to the best medical opinion, his lungs were not good for more than two years' work at most. One day he met the schoolmaster and asked him if he knew Craddock, "A shoemaker, you know; a bony, angular man, with a long throat and a lot of gray hair—lives in Tibbit's Row."

As every one in Barford knew everybody else, this question was quite unnecessary, which fact, however, did not prevent the schoolmaster rubbing his chin meditatively as if that operation helped him to recall the very well-known physiognomy of Craddock. When the aforesaid operation had been satisfactorily completed, he admitted cautiously that he might have seen him, pronouncing his words in such a way as to clearly intimate to the curate that it was by no means his habit to notice such persons as Craddock.

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"I find he doesn't go to church on any occasion," said Reckitt regretfully.

"There's a good many in Barford that don't," said the schoolmaster.

"But he doesn't go to chapel, either. It's bad enough to be a Dissenter, but he isn't even that."

The schoolmaster thought this very likely, and being emboldened by an opportunity of explaining Craddock's character, volunteered some conjectural information about the atheistic nature of the book which Craddock carried with him on his Sunday walks.

The curate was much shocked. He would at once have gone to Craddock and demanded an explanation, had not the schoolmaster promptly repudiated all authority for his own statement, and further suggested that a lost sheep like Craddock should be treated with tenderness, not to say with diplomacy.

"Well, Geake," said the curate at last, "perhaps you're right. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'm going to hold a public discussion on the necessity of a state church in the schoolroom next Tuesday. Get Craddock to come. It's not like going to church, you see. I think the man likes me—in a way; and if he comes, perhaps something I may say may bring him to the right way of thinking."

When the discussion was held on the following Tuesday, Craddock was there, to the great surprise of everybody and the exceeding joy of the curate. It was on this memorable occasion that Craddock's reputation as a controversialist was finally established.

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It was generally admitted that the curate spoke with great ability, and the deacons of the old meeting-house were very much surprised. There had never been a rector of Barford with the slightest capacity for public speech, and Reckitt shone all the more brightly by comparison with generations of fumble-mouthed apostolical successors. The curate's peroration was exceedingly impressive. He compared all other sects and churches to ships more or less adrift, whose lights were of an illusory and vanishing character, whereas "the church"—he did not condescend to any more exact designation—was like a lighthouse, standing grandly amid the storms, founded on the immutable rock, and shedding a serene, perpetual radiance on the troubled waters of Time. He sat down amid loud and continued applause.

It was then that Craddock rose from a form at the extreme end of the room, and asked permission to say a few words. There was a general feeling of dismay, which was not lessened when he ignored the chair, and most pointedly addressed the eloquent curate simply as "Muster Reckitt, sir."

"Chair, chair!" cried the audience.

"Oh, I forgot the cheer, did I?" the old man went on serenely. "Well, then, I'll say Muster Cheer, sir, if so be that'll suit you better. I ain't a man as is give to public speech, an' I wouldn't hev got up, only I thought maybe as Muster Reckitt would like to hear the views of a—a sorter outsider."

Here the curate nodded assent, which, as several of the motherly women remarked, showed, "a angelic temper" on his part.

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"Now what was it as Muster Reckitt did say? If I heerd aright, he did say as church were a lighthouse, which by all accounts is a very respectable sort of place, but not one as folks is particular anxious to live in—eh? There's a lighthouse down to St. Colam, as you may know, an' I know all about it, 'cause my brother was a keeper there. Well, 'twas uncommon resky work a-gettin' to it, to begin with. 'Twas only fine days you could go anigh it, an' when you got there you didn't see nothin' to make you wish to stay; an' Muster Reckitt, 'e says as church is a lighthouse—eh?

"But that isn't all. A lighthouse is a cold, draughty sorter a place anyway. Them as lives in it sees the ships a-goin' past, an' oftentimes wishes they was on 'em, an' is sorry enough they ever give up the sea to start livin' on a bit o' rock. It may be as the ships toss up an' down a bit, an' sometimes one on 'em goes down, an' her lights is dowsed; but 't is ten times happier work a-livin' on a ship than it is on a lighthouse. An' half the winter through the lighthouse is in a fog, Muster Reckitt—or, I beg pardon, Mr. Cheer—and parson said as church were a lighthouse—eh?

"But I ask further, what do that there light upon the lighthouse mean when so be it does shine? What do that there bell mean when they ring it slow and solemn in a fog? Muster Reckitt didn't tell we that. P'r'aps he forgot. Well, I'll tell him, though I be only an outsider, so to speak. The light an' bell both do mean the same thing. They say, 'Beware o' me; there's danger here.' And Muster Reckitt, 'e said as church were a lighthouse—eh?"

Having fired this last gun over the grave of an unhappy metaphor, Craddock smiled benignly on the audience, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, and, with a final cluck of the instrument in his throat, sat down amid roars of general laughter.

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Now it happened that about a month after this famous controversy, the curate went to St. Colam to spend a quiet Sunday with his friends. His winter work had tired him out and, brave as he was, he was beginning to doubt if he could live through another winter.

It was a day of ethereal brightness, with a suave and sparkling air, and in the afternoon he was tempted to walk along the cliffs toward a little deserted church that stood on the cliff's edge about midway between St. Colam and Barford.

It was twenty years or more since it had been used. Its graveyard hung forlornly over the sea on a gentle slope, and quiet sheep were feeding on the grassy barrows of the dead. Reckitt came softly over the crisp turf, and was about to pass round the chancel to the little graveyard, when he was arrested by the sound of a voice. It was speaking in a low monotone. Presently it rose into a clear, mournful cadence, and his ear recognized the sublime phrases of the Burial Service:

> "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee."

There was a long pause, and a skylark could be heard singing over the sea. Then the voice began again:

> "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed——"

"No, no. Oh, my God, I can't say that," the voice broke forth in sudden agony. "Oh, 'Lizabeth, why did you leave me?"

The curate knew not what to do. At first he had been ready to suppose that an interment was going on, but that thrilling cry, "Oh, 'Lisabeth," revealed not the solemn priest, but the human mourner.

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He stepped softly out of the shadow of the chancel, and looked over the huddled stones. A man was kneeling beside one of them which looked more cared for than the rest. It was Craddock. In the same instant the two men recognized one another. The curate was about to turn away, when Craddock beckoned him.

"Look," said Craddock grimly.

The stone had been freshly scraped and lettered. It bore no memorial verse—two names only and a date:

> Elizabeth Craddock
> and her Infant Child
> July 18, 1845

There was a lilac bush in full blossom on the grave, and beside it lay a worn Book of Common Prayer, open at the Burial Service.

"You're a good man, Muster Reckitt," said Craddock slowly. "You—you understand. I loved her—my 'Lizabeth—an' forty years don't make no difference. I've come here every Sunday these forty years, and read them same words over her, an' I can't yet say that prayer 'bout thankin' God it hev pleased Him to take her——

"This is the Prayer Book we read together the night before we was married. That's why I don't come to church. I come where she is, an' God'll understand, an' not be hard on me. You'll keep my secret—eh?"

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For answer the curate took Craddock's rough hand in his. "God bless you, Craddock," he said softly. He picked up the Prayer Book, and read the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men, laying special emphasis on the words, "those who are in any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions."

The lark sang overhead, and the sound of the sea and the fragrance of the lilac mingled in the spring wind. Craddock stood with bowed head, and felt for one hushed instant the passage of an angel of peace upon the air.

"CRADDOCK ROSE FROM A FORM AT THE END OF THE ROOM"

Editor's Note—This story is taken from William J. Dawson's volume of short stories, entitled Thro' Lattice Windows. Published by The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
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Failure as a Success

IT OFTTIMES requires heroic courage to face failure, to take up the broken strands of fruitless effort, to look bravely toward the future, and to proceed undaunted on our way. But what to us may seem absolute failure is often but the key to a greater success. It may be the trifle that leads us to higher fields of effort.

Some years ago it was proposed to send logs from Canada to New York by a new method. The ingenious plan of Mr. Joggins was to bind great logs together by cables and iron girders, and to tow the cargo as a raft. When the novel craft neared New York, and success seemed assured, a storm arose. In the fury of the tempest, the iron bands snapped like cobwebs, and the angry waters scattered the logs far and wide. The Chief of the Hydrographic Department at Washington heard of the failure of the experiment, and at once sent word to shipmasters the world over. He urged upon them to watch carefully for these logs, which he described; to note the precise location of each in latitude and longitude, and the time at which the observation was made.

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Hundreds of captains, sailing over the waters of the earth, noted the logs, in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Mediterranean, in the South Seas—for into all waters did these venturesome logs travel. Hundreds of reports were made, covering a period of weeks and months. These observations were carefully collated, systematized, tabulated, and deductions were then made as to the course of ocean currents that could never have been made otherwise. The loss of the Joggins raft was not a real failure. It led to one of the greatest discoveries in modern marine geography and navigation.

In our superior knowledge we are disposed to speak in a condescending tone of the follies of the alchemists of old. But their failure to transmute the baser metals into gold resulted in the birth of chemistry. They did not succeed in what they attempted, but they brought into vogue the natural processes of sublimation, filtration, distillation, and crystallization; they invented the alembic, the retort, the sand-bath, the water-bath, and other valuable instruments. To them is due the discovery of antimony, sulphuric ether and phosphorus, the preparation of sulphuric acid, the cupellation of gold and silver, the determining of the properties of saltpetre and its use in gunpowder, and the discovery of distilling of essential oils.

This was the success of failure, a process by which all growth is made, a mighty lesson of comfort and encouragement, if man would only realize it and accept it.

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Many of our failures sweep us to greater heights of success than we dreamed of attaining. Columbus failed absolutely in discovering America. His ingenious reasoning and experiment led him to believe that by sailing westward he would reach India. Every redman in America is a living monument, carrying in his name "Indian" a perpetuation of Columbus' failure. The Genoese navigator did not reach India; the cargo of "souvenirs" he took back to Spain to show to Ferdinand and Isabella as proofs of his success really attested his failure. But the discovery of America was far greater than any finding of a back door to India.

When David Livingstone had completed his medical training, taken to supplement his theological education, he was ready to enter the missionary field. For over three years he had studied with one aim in view—to spread the gospel in China. When he was ready to start out with noble enthusiasm for his chosen field, to consecrate his life to this good work, news came that the "opium war" in China would make it folly to attempt to enter there.

This disappointment and failure did not long daunt him; he offered himself as missionary to Africa and was accepted. His glorious failure to reach China led him to the signal success of opening the interior of a whole continent to the light of Christianity and civilization. All his study was a most noble preparation for his labors as physician, explorer, teacher, and evangel in the wilds of Africa, making him an unqualified success.

Business reverses, the failure of his partner, threw upon the broad shoulders and broader honor and honesty of Sir Walter Scott a burden of responsibility that forced him to write. The failure spurred him on to almost superhuman efforts, and the masterpieces of Scotch historic fiction that have thrilled, entertained and uplifted millions of his fellow men were the result.

When Millet, the painter of the "Angelus," worked on his almost divine canvas, in which the very air seems pulsing with the regenerating essence of spiritual reverence, he was painting against death; his brush-strokes, put on in the early morning before going to his menial duties as railway porter, meant strength and food for the dying wife he adored. The art failure that brought him to the depths of poverty unified with marvelous intensity all the elements of his nature. This rare spiritual unity, this purging of all the dross of triviality as he passed through the furnace of poverty and sorrow, gave eloquence to his brush, and enabled him to paint as never before—as no prosperity would have made possible.

Failure is often the turning point, the pivot of circumstance that swings us to higher levels. It may not be financial success; it may be new draughts of spiritual, moral, or mental inspiration that will change us for all the later years of our life.

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If we think of any supreme moment of our lives, any great success, any one who is most dear to us, and consider how we reached that moment, that success, or that friend, we shall be surprised at the revelation. As we trace each back, step by step, through the genealogy of circumstances, we shall see how logical has been the course of our joy and success from sorrow and failure. Many of the rivers of our greatest prosperity and growth have had their source and their trickling increase into volume among the dark, gloomy recesses of our failures. There is no honest and true work, carried along with sincere purpose, that ever really fails. If it seem sometimes to fail, it will prove to us a new lesson of "how" to walk; the secret of our failures will prove to us the revelation of possible successes. If man does, day by day, in all things the best he can by the light he has, there is no reason why he should blame himself, no reason why he should be discouraged, no matter what the outcome.

We think too much of results in life, and judge too much by them. The results we cannot control; we can only control the steps leading toward the results.

Set the rudder of your purpose firm and unchanging toward your aim, your destination: keep your craft ever headed to that, working ever toward it, and the haven is but a matter of the finality of fixed determination.

High ideals, noble effort, will make seeming failures but trifles; they need not dishearten us; they should prove sources of new strength. The rocky path may prove safer than the slippery way of smoothness. Birds cannot fly best with the wind, but against it; ships do not progress in calm when the sails flap idly against the masts.

The alchemy of Nature, superior to that of the Paracelsians, constantly transmutes the base alloy of failure to the later pure gold of success if the mind of the worker be kept true, constant, and untiring in the service.

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America's Treatment of Her Foes

SELF-RESTRAINT in nations and in individuals is a rare virtue. In the first flush of victory, of success, it is forgotten. But success is only achieved at a cost; victories only won after a struggle. So it is but natural that when hopes are realized, when coveted laurels are won, a feeling of exultation should follow. Forgotten are struggles, forgotten are less fortunate men, upon whose overthrow the success was based. They may have been as sincere, as brave and as daring as the victors, but the crushing fate of circumstances overwhelmed them and they went down. The heroic dash of the Spaniards from Santiago harbor startled the world, but their defeat did not dishonor them. To pursue and to conquer them was but the duty of every sailor on the American war-ships, and faithful performance of that duty brought victory.

So great success is often but the result of clear, simple duties faithfully performed. It is the grasping of possibilities, the fruition of accepted opportunities. It should bring with it no undue exultation, no heralding from the housetop, no humiliation of the men on whose failures it was founded. Cervera, the defeated Admiral, was received aboard the victors' ship, not as the vanquished enemy, not as a prize of war, but as a guest of honor; Captain Eulate was not even allowed to surrender his sword, the token of absolute defeat. The Americans never forgot to respect the feelings of the men whom fate had doomed to be the victims of their success.

In those deeds America has given to the world its grandest example of the majesty of self-restraint. And the nation or individual who, in the supreme moment of success, has time to think of those less fortunate, upon whose failures, upon whose failings, success has been achieved, victory has been won, and who can hush the exultant cry, can quiet the pæan of victory at the thought of the dying, vanquished ones—that nation and that individual has learned the beauty of greatness, the majesty of self-restraint.

Every virtue has its danger-point, beyond which it degenerates into a weakness. Modesty carried too far becomes prudery, firmness becomes stubbornness, and generosity toward an enemy degenerates into subserviency. War is stern business; the men whom we have captured are prisoners of war. They should be dealt with humanely, but not handled too daintily. They represent a nation with which we are yet at war—a nation which can scarcely keep within the bounds of civilized warfare. This is no time for hero-worship. When Spain realizes the hopelessness of her cause and is willing to cry "enough," then and only then will she appreciate the generosity of the victors. She has had noble examples of our self-restraint in time of war; she will then know the true greatness of this nation in its generous treatment of the vanquished.

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The New Field in Fiction

WHEN a schoolboy is told to write a composition, he straightway discovers that his wasteful predecessors have used up all the subjects. And the young man who mounts his Pegasus for a first sprint finds him balking at the same barrier. He may soar to Heaven, or attempt the passage of the Styx, but some one has preceded him and given his impressions of the trip in iambic pentametre. This is why so many of our later Miltons are mute. They are undismayed by the cry that poetry is played out in this work-a-day world; nor will they believe that poets are like Indians—that the only good ones are the dead ones. They would sing so sweetly if there were only anything left for them to sing about.

The man who tries his hand at story writing makes some painful discoveries, too. Kipling is intrenched in India, and a solid rank of critics guard the territory for him, and warn off intruders; Bret Harte has staked off the Sierra, and Charles Egbert Craddock the Smoky Mountains; the Louisiana swamps are the peculiar property of Cable, and the New England farmhouse is sacred to Miss Wilkins. Go where he will in the field of fiction, there is a squatter.

But recently a great light has broken over this gloomy prospect. The poet has found a theme—a theme with a thousand variations, and his grateful song is heard in the land. The story writers are burning late oil; for they, too, have a subject, and a horde of them, headed by Richard Harding Davis, has set out to explore a new promised land.

Truly, President McKinley, by declaring for war against Spain, became not only the protector of the Cubans, but also the patron of all our budding geniuses.

Out-of-Door Life in America

IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH NATURE

WHEN a new house is taken possession of, the first and pressing work is to adapt it to the family life and furnish it for the family needs. Until that is done, recreation, diversion, social intercourse, must be postponed, says the Outlook. For a great many years the necessity was laid upon the American people of making this continent habitable and comfortable. So pressing was this work that many other kinds of work had to be put aside until it could be accomplished.

There has never yet been a time, in the history of the country, when at some point people have not been living in the pioneer stage—the stage, that is, when almost the entire force of life must go into the immediate adjustment of the environment to the worker. This preliminary work is still only imperfectly performed, and, as long as it is unaccomplished, the larger and higher work for which the home stands when the home is finished and furnished must be, to a considerable extent, deferred. It is idle for people who are living on an old and thoroughly organized homestead to criticize the haste, the lack of finish, the absence of leisure in those who are just moving into a new estate in the neighborhood. So far the American people have been principally moving into their homes. They have left undone a great many things, not because they do not know their value or would not enjoy them, but simply because they have been obliged to postpone them.

The first contact with Nature in this country was almost exclusively one of arduous toil. It is misleading to say that Nature is subdued by man. Man never subdues Nature; he learns her methods, discovers the movements of her forces, and cooperates with her, or rather persuades her to cooperate with him. But in order to establish this harmony he must give himself, body and soul, to the tremendous toil which Nature exacts, before she will yield her crops, supply wood for fleets, or uncover the rich veins of ore.

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The hard work which has gone into the establishment of friendly relations between men and Nature on this continent is incalculable. It is one of the heroic chapters in the history of the race. It has involved the highest kind of courage, the utmost sacrifice of comfort and ease, and the constant use of the keenest intelligence. As a result, Nature has enriched the American people beyond the dreams of avarice.

It is our habit to speak of our wealth as if we had made it ourselves—created it out of hand, so to speak. As a matter of fact, it has come to us almost exclusively through our natural endowment. It is Nature who has bestowed it upon us. No country has ever done more for its inhabitants; none has ever given them so many kinds of almost inexhaustible resource, so that the incalculable toil which has gone into the settlement of the continent has been more than repaid by the sources of wealth which have been opened up, and by the training in morals and skill which has come through contact with Nature in a thousand forms of work.

There are many signs that Americans are now getting out of the stage of work into the stage of culture; that, having provided for the elementary wants of the body, they are now providing for the wants of the mind and the soul. One of the evidences of this liberation from the bondage of mere work, which some people have not only made a slavery, but have also elevated into a religion, is the universal tendency of the American to get out-of-doors and keep out-of-doors.

Our first contact with the continent was through the senses and in the activity of toil; we are now coming to know it through the imagination and through the higher activities.

Forty years ago Americans dressed in black and spent their time within doors; now they wear all kinds of outing costumes, and find their chief joy in being abroad. Having first worked on the continent, they are now beginning, at last, to live on it.

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This is evidenced by the immense development of out-of-door sports of every kind; which means, in spite of excesses here and there, a splendid advance in the life and morals of the whole country; stronger men, healthier women, more sanity, wholesomeness and soundness of life in every department. It is evidenced by the growing delight in fields and woods, in flowers, plants, trees, and birds; in the desire to get away from the city to enjoy the fuller life of the country.

In these days everybody gathers wild flowers, or studies the forms of leaves, or carries an opera-glass for the retiring thrush or the coy oriole. In the summer months no American is at home. He is on the seashore, or in the woods, or upon the inland lakes; he is tramping across the plains; he is wheeling wherever there are good roads.

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Play is no longer the exclusive occupation of the young American. His father and his grandfather beat him at golf, his mother and his grandmother ride with him on the wheel. The old people have disappeared. The lines which, in the old time, divided youth from maturity and maturity from age have been obliterated. Life, being no longer merely a question of work, has ceased to be purely a matter of physical strength, and out-of-doors living, exercise, rest, and variety of occupation are keeping those fresh who fifty years ago lost their interest and their vitality in middle life.

Another evidence of the larger life of the country, and its closer intimacy with Nature, is the increasing volume of books relating to Nature and to out-of-door occupations. Thoreau and John Burroughs are no longer solitary; they are surrounded by a great group of writers, all engaged in describing Nature, picturing Nature, or telling people how to enjoy Nature. This out-of-doors movement is a revolutionary movement. It is a real liberation and emancipation from an old slavery—the opening of the door into a larger, fuller, and much richer life.

THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT CLOSE RANGE

HOW SHE APPEARED TO AN AMERICAN

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

THE collection of relics of Columbus which were in the Convent of La Rabida at the World's Fair, the portraits of the discoverer, the models of the monuments that have been erected to his memory, and the pictures of the places which are identified with his career, were nearly all exhibited at Madrid in 1892 before they were sent to Chicago, and received a great deal of attention there. The portraits were commented upon daily in the newspapers, the illustrated journals copied nearly all of them, and the comic papers found in them a fertile topic for caricatures and jokes.

The newspaper comments attracted the attention of the Queen, and she sent word to Señor Navarro Reverter, the Director-General of the Exposition, who was Minister of Finance in the late Canovas Cabinet, that her curiosity was aroused and she would like to have a private view of the Columbus relics as soon as they were ready for inspection.

So Monday morning, about 11 o'clock, we received notice that the Queen would visit the American exhibit at 2 o'clock that same day, and I hurried back to the hotel to change my working clothes for a proper suit in which to receive Royalty. She was prompt to the moment—a little ahead of time—accompanied by Mr. Reverter and the Chamberlain of the palace, and arriving in a modest brougham which had no signs of Royalty about it except a crest upon the harness.

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Admiral Luce, the American Commissioner General, and myself met her at the door, and she spoke cordially when we were presented. We had the largest and the most interesting exhibit of any country, except Spain, and Her Majesty thanked us for taking so much interest in the Exposition.

She said that ever since she had read about the collection in the newspapers she had been consumed with curiosity to see it. "And you will notice," she remarked with a smile, "that I am here the first day that it is ready for inspection."

She spoke in English with great ease, but her German accent was noticeable. She was dressed in an ordinary street costume, a tailor-made suit of gray cloth, with a rather mannish collar and a sailor hat. Her gloves were ordinary kid, tan color, and she carried a modest parasol in her hand. A stranger would not have given a second look. His first glance would undoubtedly have told him that she was merely some merchant's wife, and a very plain woman at that.

Her face is plain. Her complexion is muddy; her hair may be called colorless, for it has that indefinable shade between blond and brown that is not pretty, and I noticed that it had no lustre. Her eyes are the most attractive feature of her face. They are clear, frank, sympathetic and intelligent. While her countenance is at rest they wear a sad expression which suggests hours of sorrow and many tears.

I noticed her frequently during the next two weeks, when I had an opportunity to see her daily, as I accompanied the Court upon its triumphal journey through Southern Spain, visiting, one after the other, the cities with which Columbus is identified, and I think her face is one of the saddest and most pathetic in its sorrow that I have ever seen.

She chatted pleasantly as we passed through the collection; asked a great many questions; listened attentively to the explanations that I offered; inquired for more information on two or three points of history; commented and criticized freely, and after the first few moments, when the formality and reserve had worn off, spoke as familiarly as she might have done to a member of her own household.

She remained about an hour and a half, and was incessantly conversing the whole time. Not an object in the collection was overlooked; not a point was left unexplained; nothing escaped her notice. As we retraced our steps through the rooms she turned on me suddenly and said:

"Do you realize that your pictures are hung in a most inartistic manner?"

I was rather surprised at the abruptness of her criticism, and to gain a little time inquired what she meant. She replied that the arrangement seemed to her awkward and inartistic. There was no uniformity in the sizes or shapes of the frames, and she thought it would be better to hang the pictures in lines according to the ordinary custom in art galleries, with the small ones near the corners and the larger and most interesting examples in the conspicuous places, and where they would get the best light.

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I replied that it was not intended to be a collection of fine arts, but purely a historical sequence, regardless of artistic effect. Her Majesty replied that, in her opinion, that was a mistake; appearances were more important than historical association, as the latter could be discovered by the catalogue. We then discussed the question with some spirit, much to the amazement and alarm of Mr. Reverter, who was not accustomed to hear the opinions of his Sovereign disputed. Her Majesty, however, left in excellent humor, thanking me for the pleasure she had enjoyed, and predicting that the collection would be the most interesting feature of the Exposition. We escorted her to her carriage, and as she said "Adios," she remarked that she would hope to have the pleasure of receiving me officially on the following day, which was the day appointed for the formal presentation of the invitation of the Congress of the United States to Her Majesty to visit the World's Columbian Exposition as the guest of our nation. President Harrison had appointed me a Special Envoy to deliver that invitation, and the event was attended with considerable ceremony, even for that most ceremonious of all capitals, Madrid.

At twelve o'clock the next day a gay cavalcade drew up in front of our hotel. There were two of those gorgeous coaches with gilded boxes and wheels, and costly paintings upon the panels, with festoons of gold braid, and tassels and lace, such as is only seen in the museums of the rest of Europe nowadays as relics of an obsolete taste for display, but they are still used on ceremonial occasions in Spain. One of the coaches was drawn by six white horses and the other by six black horses, with outriders and footmen in the most resplendent liveries, and attended by a battalion of cavalry—the Queen's own bodyguard. They were splendid-looking fellows; their uniforms were brilliant, and the horses on which they were mounted were fine.

The official introducer of Ambassadors and an aide-de-camp were our escort. The former rode in the first carriage, with Colonel Snowden, of Philadelphia, the American Minister, and myself, while the second carriage was occupied by Mr. Nutt, the Secretary of Legation, and Lieutenant Little, the naval attaché, who was superintending the construction of the caravels that afterward came over to the World's Fair.

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The streets were lined with people, and, as we passed through, the pageant pleased them and they applauded. As we arrived at the palace a regiment of infantry was arranged in double columns on either side of the driveway, and a band played our National airs. We passed up the great marble staircase feeling very queer in our dress-suits, for evening dress is the only Court costume an American minister can wear unless he has been an officer of the United States Army.

We were led through a long series of splendid halls and drawing-rooms until we were met by the Duke of Tetuan, then Minister of Foreign Relations, in what is known as the private audience chamber, which opens into the throne-room. He was a handsome man, and his Court dress was becoming. It was even more sumptuous than that of the introducer of Ambassadors. He greeted us cordially, exchanging a few words in English, which he speaks very well, and then slipped through a door at the side of the room.

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A few minutes later two liveried ushers threw back the heavy damask curtains that covered the entrance to the throne-room, and we arranged ourselves in a procession as we entered that magnificent apartment. General Snowden on the right, myself at his left, and the introducer of Ambassadors at my left. Behind us, in a similar manner, were Mr. Nutt, Lieutenant Little, and the aide-de-camp. As we crossed the threshold we stopped and made a low bow to the Queen of Spain, who sat upon the throne on the opposite side of the chamber.

It is a mighty apartment, a hundred feet or more square, forty or fifty feet high, and the walls and ceilings are a mass of heavy carved and gilded wood and stucco, in which enormous mirrors are imbedded. It was all gold and glass, and the reflections made the apartment seem much larger than it is. The chandelier, which hangs in the centre, is an enormous mass of crystal prisms, the largest and finest example of the kind in the world. It carries fifteen hundred candles, and is made of several thousand pieces. I have forgotten the cost, but it was enormous, and it was a fancy of Ferdinand VII, who had another fad—the collecting of clocks. There are over seven hundred clocks in the palace, and no two of them are alike.

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After we had passed half-way up the audience chamber, we stopped and bowed again; then we moved on until we reached the foot of the throne, where we made the third obeisance, according to Spanish custom.

Upon a platform ascended by two steps were two large chairs, heavily carved and beautifully gilded, and upholstered in scarlet velvet with the familiar coat-of-arms of Spain embroidered upon the back. They were sheltered by a high canopy of scarlet and gold, and long draperies of scarlet velvet, edged with gold fringe, fell behind and at the sides, while four life-size gilded lions, two on either side, guarded the sacred presence of the Monarch.

One of the chairs was empty, as it was not considered necessary for the little King to appear at this ceremony, but he was a witness, for we saw him and his sisters slyly peeking through the curtains at one of the side entrances, and as we passed toward the throne I heard a childish voice say: "Los Americanos."

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The Queen was dressed in a grayish robe of satin. She never wears bright colors, but always subdued shades, and she had a natural ostrich plume in her hair. She wore no flowers nor ornaments of any kind, and was as plain a looking woman as you would see in a long day's journey. Her features are of the German caste, and rather masculine than feminine, although she is a womanly woman. The women say she has no figure, which is true, so far as grace and the curves of beauty are concerned, and in her gray dress she looked like a Quakeress.

At the right side of the throne stood the Minister of Foreign Relations; at the left side the Grand Chamberlain, with a heavy, tall, golden staff in his hand, larger than the baton of a drum-major. As we stopped at the foot of the throne the introducer of Ambassadors announced, "The Minister of the United States, and Special Envoy!"

Colonel Snowden, who is an eloquent man, then began to speak. He informed Her Majesty that the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was near at hand, and would be commemorated in the United States by a grand exposition of arts, industries and sciences at the city of Chicago, and that our Congress, by a unanimous vote, had extended an invitation to her and to His Majesty, her son, to be present at the opening ceremonies as the guests of the Government and the people. He spoke of the long friendship between the two countries, and the desire for closer relations. He alluded to

THE KING OF SPAIN

THE PALACE AT MADRID

the significance of the occasion, and with a good deal of sentiment pictured the happy consequences of her acceptance. Then he introduced me as the bearer of the invitation, which I carried in my hand, inclosed in a large white envelope.

I said that the President of the United States had instructed me to place in Her Majesty's hands the invitation, etc., and, after a few words of compliment, expressed the hope that I might have the honor of bearing her acceptance to the Government and people of the United States.

All this time Her Majesty was pulling on her gloves, and I thought she might have finished her toilet before she ascended the throne. Nevertheless, she took my words literally, arose with great dignity, and stepping slowly across the platform, extended her hand for the invitation. At the same time the Minister of Foreign Relations came toward us, and for a moment I was at a loss which to give it to. Her Majesty relieved me of the dilemma by taking it herself.

"An official answer to this invitation will be handed you in the usual manner," she said. "In the meantime, I hope that you will express to the President and the Congress of your country my profound appreciation of the compliment which has been paid me, particularly because I believe it is the first time that such an honor has ever been conferred upon a woman."

That happened to be true, although none of us had ever thought of it.

Her Majesty then entered into conversation with Colonel Snowden, who presented Mr. Nutt and Lieutenant Little.

"Ah, Lieutenant Little!" she exclaimed with much interest as his name was announced. "I am very glad to meet Lieutenant Little. I believe you are the gentleman who is building the caravels, and I have taken great interest in your work." Then she asked several questions about the condition of the ships, his progress in their construction, and finally startled poor Little by inquiring who was to command them.

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That had become a political question in Spain, and was rapidly growing serious. Every officer in the Navy, it seemed, was seeking the honor, and there was a very bitter rivalry between the Minister of Marine and the Prime Minister over the claims of their respective friends. The former insisted upon his right to make the detail, as that was his legitimate business. The Prime Minister, however, or rather his wife, the beautiful Mrs. Canovas, had some protegés in the Navy for whom she was seeking the honor, and had persuaded her husband, who was at the head of the Government, to insist that they should be named.

Mrs. Canovas was the most beautiful woman in Spain, and her sister, wife of Count Casa de Valencia, was the next most beautiful. They were both born in Peru, where their father had silver mines, and were enormously wealthy, while their husbands enjoyed high honors, but no money; hence the comic papers called these estimable women "The Little Sisters of the Poor."

Lieutenant Little was familiar with the rivalry for the command of the caravels, much to his annoyance, for repeated attempts had been made to drag him into the controversy. The arrangement was that the Spanish Government should build one caravel and the United States should build two; that they should be officered and manned from the Spanish Navy, brought to the United States as a part of the Spanish exhibit at the World's Fair, and that toward the close of the Exposition the Spanish Government should formally turn over all three of them to the United States Government, to be our permanent property. Therefore, when the Queen asked Mr. Little who was going to command them, he was taken entirely by surprise. But he gathered himself together promptly, like the gallant sailor he is, and with the tongue and the manners of a courtier, replied:

"Whomever Your Majesty may select."

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Then, turning to me, the Queen expressed the pleasure she experienced at the Exposition building the previous day, and remarked again that she felt under great obligations to us for bringing the Columbus relics to Madrid and giving her subjects an opportunity to see them before they were exhibited in the United States. I replied that I felt under great obligations for the criticisms and suggestions she had made concerning their arrangement, and that the more I thought of them the more fully I was convinced of the correctness of her judgment.

"Yes," she said, "I am sure that I am right. What you want is to leave a pleasant impression upon people who visit the Exposition. Nine out of ten persons who go there will take no interest in the historical importance of the collection, and will not stop to think of the reason for their arrangement, but will go away with an impression that the articles were not arranged in an attractive manner. The tenth person, who will have a genuine interest in the historical value of the collection, will follow the sequence by himself with the aid of the catalogue."

I then expressed my desire to place the collection in Her Majesty's own care, and requested her to select some person who was competent to rearrange it under her direction and according to her ideas. She seemed quite pleased at the suggestion, and said she would consult Mr. Reverter, the Director-General, and the Lord Chamberlain, and communicate with me through them. Sure enough, the next day Mr. Reverter brought to my section in the Exposition building the man who has charge of the art collections and bric-à-brac in the palace, and introduced him as the person selected by the Queen to rearrange the Columbus relics. I placed the entire matter in his hands and left him in possession of the premises. I never entered the rooms again, for the next day we were off, as the guests of the Royal family, to attend the commemorative ceremonies at Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed.

During the next ten days we were the victims of Royal hospitality, and that means a great deal. We were beset on every side with formality and ceremony, and our movements were so restricted by Court etiquette and the deference due to the Queen that we were as helpless and as unhappy as slaves. We were chained to her chariot.

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Everything we did was governed by the wishes and whims of the little King. We sometimes had to wait an hour for our breakfast because His Majesty felt like lying in bed a little later than the time appointed, and when he did not feel like eating we had to go hungry. We were summoned to mass one morning at eight o'clock in the little chapel at Huelva, which was built four hundred years ago and has no windows or other means of ventilation. We sat there three hours, waiting for the King and Queen to come, and roasted. The day was very hot, the church was crowded until every inch was occupied, except the seats reserved for the Royal family, and although their respect for us was not sufficient to relieve us from a terrible ordeal, in which several women fainted and had to be carried out, our respect for them required us to remain in that airless dungeon and perspire until they came.

And so it was day after day. All our movements were directed by the Lord Chamberlain, the master of ceremonies, who laid out his programme like a railway time-table every morning and sent copies of it to our rooms. We saw the Queen frequently—almost every day. She was always gracious, and seemed to take pains to speak to us, even if she had to cross the room to do so.

At the official receptions over there, the method of presentation is the reverse of that practiced at the White House and at the Queen's drawing-rooms in England. Instead of taking a position and allowing her guests to pass before her, the Queen moved about the rooms, attended by her Chamberlain, speaking to such people as she recognized, and allowing those whose names were upon the list in the Lord Chamberlain's hands to be presented to her. On these occasions she never overlooked our humble presence, and always had a pleasant word. She often shook hands with us, which was unusual, and an honor conferred upon no one else. I learned that Her Majesty understood that it was an American custom and intended to honor us by its recognition.

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We were at Seville in the midst of the most elaborate programme of balls, banquets, processions, fireworks, garden parties, bull-fights, and that sort of thing, and the city was crowded with strangers from all over Europe, and the aristocracy of Spain, when one morning we were startled by an announcement that, owing to the indisposition of His Majesty, the King, the arrangements for the day would be postponed.

There was a great deal of mystery about the boy's sickness, which served to aggravate the alarm, and the entire town abandoned all other occupations and entertainments to discuss that one all important subject.

It turned out that the little chap was threatened with gastric fever as the result of eating too many sweetmeats, and doctors from all parts of the kingdom were in constant attendance at his bedside, using all the remedies that science could suggest. The second day I called upon the Duke of Medina Celi, the Grand Chamberlain, who was an exceedingly courteous gentleman, and asked permission to be excused from further attendance upon the Court, in order that I might visit some other parts of Spain.

I told him my time was limited; that I must sail shortly for Rome, where I had been appointed a Special Envoy to the Pope, and that I wanted to visit several other cities before my departure. His Grace recognized my position; promised to explain the matter to the Queen, and was sure that she would appreciate the circumstances. He gave me valuable letters of introduction to friends in other cities, and that night we stole away.

UNRECOGNIZED HEROES ON OUR WAR-SHIPS

DOWN IN THE HOLD WITH THE STOKERS

PATRIOTISM which will endure a temperature of 140 degrees of heat is of some value to a country, says the New York Evening Post. Surely, those who labor cheerily and with a never-failing regard for their duty, standing untold discomforts contentedly deep down in the lower regions of a man-o'-war, in peace and war, in battle and out, are worthy of high praise, even when we are so lost in admiration of the accuracy of our gunners.

There is nothing romantic in a shovelful of coal as compared with the shining breech of a 13-inch gun, but if we search dispassionately and without prejudice, we will find that at the battle of Manila Bay, the bombardment of Santiago, and the successful chase of Cervera's fleet, that shovelful of coal, or the man handling it, had almost as much to do with the victory as the gun.

To-day speed is the most important requisite of a war-ship. Admiral Cervera was supposed by naval tacticians to have an advantage over Sampson because his squadron could cover more knots in the hour. It is acknowledged that if the Spanish Admiral had not made the fatal mistake of entering Santiago harbor he might have caused us many uneasy hours with his fast ships. In short, Admiral Cervera failed because he did not take advantage of the most valuable possession in his command, the powerful engines and great steaming capacity of his ships.

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This stamps at once the importance of keeping up the engineering department of the Navy. The men composing it are unheard of in dispatches, unknown to the daily chronicler of events, and unsung in history, but their duty is done as faithfully as the duty of the men on deck, and their peril is as great in time of battle.

In addition, they labor at greater disadvantage. The men on deck can see the fight, and the hubbub of war and the smoke and excitement spur them on to reckless valor, but down below, the engine and fire-room forces are working away in semi-darkness, not knowing when a shell will pierce a boiler and bring hot death upon them.

Captain McGiffin, the American naval officer who commanded a Chinese warship in the war with Japan, speaking of this, said, in his characteristic way: "I'd rather be on deck any time in a fight. I don't believe I could be induced to take an engineer's or a fireman's trick during an action. The uncertainty of being below decks under such circumstances is entirely too wearing for me."

This can be understood thoroughly by any one who has, for instance, been in a fire room during target practice. Down there between the great roaring furnaces, of course, nothing happening on deck can be seen, but what is heard makes up for it. The discharge of the heavy guns creates thundering echoes and raises a din almost indescribable. With the hissing of steam, the quick clanging of furnace doors, the rumble of machinery, and the spectacle of half-naked perspiring figures toiling in the glare of the flames, there is nothing else that more nearly approaches the inferno of Dante. Add to it the uncertainty in time of battle and the possibility of the ship's being struck by torpedoes without giving one a chance to gain the upper deck, and you have circumstances under which none but a brave man can work.

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The firemen of the United States Navy are brave men, deserving of all the credit and applause we can give them. On a battle-ship of the Indiana or Oregon class, will be found an engine-room force of about 130, and of these about sixty-six are firemen—men whose duty it is to shovel the coal into the furnaces. Cruisers like the Baltimore carry seventy-five in the engineer's department, and gunboats about thirty. Of these the firemen on all ships stand watch four hours out of every twelve, which gives them eight hours of duty in the stoke-hole out of every twenty-four, a very long space of time when spent in such a grimy, hot hole as the fire-room of a war-ship, with its suffocating, oily smell.

There are other differences, too, between the daily life of the naval fireman and the worker ashore. The latter, in nine cases out of ten, has a home and family to welcome him after his daily toil is over. He is free to come and go as he pleases. He can spend the evening at places of amusement and enjoy all the pleasures of a citizen. Contrast this with the picture of a fireman's life on board one of our battle-ships or cruisers. Let us say that he has the middle watch, from 12 to 4 in the morning. He is called at ten minutes before midnight, and as the ship's bell strikes eight he hurries down to the fire-room to report with his watch. He has left a cramped hammock, swinging on a berth-deck, made foul by tropical heat and the presence of several hundred men, and he feels exhausted, instead of invigorated. If the ship is under way and the engines are working at top speed, there is a pressing call for steam. Seizing the slice-bar he falls to the task of livening up the fires, laboring like a Trojan for many minutes; then with a few breaths of fresh air snatched from the blower, he continues to feed the great, yawning, insatiable fires placed under his care.

It is no easy work, this shoveling of coal into a pit that is never satisfied, for it requires a skill and an apt turn of the wrist, that comes only with practice, and the amount of hard physical labor entailed in keeping a furnace well supplied is more than one would imagine.

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For clothing the fireman wears, on leaving the berth-deck, a suit of faded blue overalls. These he speedily discards, with the exception of a thin shirt and trousers. Before he is at work five minutes the heat of the fire-room has bathed him in perspiration, and he leaves little rivulets of water as he trudges back and forth in front of his fires. The dust and black of the coal grimes his face and body, and it is difficult to distinguish him from a negro coal-passer. For four long hours he works—hours during which his back is bent unceasingly over the shovel and slice-bar, for steam rises and falls steadily in the guage, and the machinist on watch in the engine-room is a Martinet, who has no such word as rest in his lexicon.

Perhaps before the time is up, a coal-passer is dragged out of the dark and stifling bunkers and laid under the blower. His face is white and drawn, and his clinched teeth show that he is in an agony of suffering. As he is laid down upon a heap of waste it is noticed that his limbs are as rigid as iron bars. A slight froth gathers about the mouth, and the wide-open eyes stare with no hint of consciousness in them.

"It's the new fellow that shipped in Key West," mutters a water-tender to a fireman.

"Ain't used to it, I suppose," is the reply, with a touch of sympathy. "Them bunkers are pretty tough on greenhorns. We had three of them knocked out before you joined us at Hampton Roads. We left them in the hospital. It's the heat that does it."

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An assistant engineer comes in from the engines, looks at the coal-passer, then orders several of his mates to carry him on deck. He is lifted up the ladder with more tenderness than one would expect to find under such circumstances, and reaches the open air, where the surgeon takes charge of him.

Down in the fire-room the work goes on, a man from the other watch having been called to take the disabled coal-passer's place. Presently word comes that the flagship has signaled the fleet to proceed with all speed. The order means forced draught, and the firemen are called on to increase their efforts. The balance of the watch is one long struggle with slice-bar and shovel. Coal seems to fill the air, and the fire-room echoes with the roaring of the furnaces. At 4 o'clock the other relief is called, and it is a group of very tired firemen that climbs to the deck for a breath of fresh air before turning in.

At seven bells, half-past seven, they are called again, the berth-deck being cleared for breakfast at that hour. With quarters at nine and an hour or two at sub-calibre practice cutlass exercise—for the firemen in the naval service have other drills besides those with the shovel—the morning soon passes. At 12 o'clock the watch is changed again, and those men who left the fire-room at 4 again find themselves in front of the furnaces.

Thus it goes with the monotony of routine, broken only by an occasional chase or a brush with the forts. The life is hard enough of a verity and the pay is poor—$35 a month for a first-class fireman, $30 for a second-class man, and $22 for a coal-passer—but the Navy never suffers for lack of good men for that grade. There is some chance of advancement. Good firemen can aspire to the positions of water-tender or oiler, which pay respectively $40 and $37 a month, and even hope for the exalted billet of first-class machinist, with a monthly salary of $70.

With it all, however, a fireman's life is a hard one. His work is onerous and disagreeable, and no matter how well he sticks to his post in the face of peril, he is seldom praised or given even his just dues.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Captain Charles King, Now Brigadier-General

Many persons who have read his charming stories of military life have believed Captain Charles King "to be a literary pen name only," yet it is the true name and justly borne title of a soldier who has been appointed a Brigadier General in our new Army. Charles King is a son of Gen. Rufus King. He was born at Albany, New York, October 12, 1844, and was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1866. His service in the regular Army was first with the artillery and afterward with the cavalry. He was principally engaged on frontier duty against the Indians. On November 1, 1874, he was so severely wounded at Sunset Pass, Arizona, that despite details to light duty he was obliged to retire from active service in 1879, soon after he [illegible]. He was assistant [illegible] became professor of military science in the University of Wisconsin in 1880. General King has become one of the most prolific of American story-writers, and in his special field has gained a world-wide reputation as an original and forceful writer.

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Henry Norman, of the London Chronicle

It will give much pleasure in many quarters to know that Henry Norman, one of the best known correspondents of the London daily press, is now in the United States in the interest of the London Daily Chronicle. Official circles in Washington have pleasant recollections of his great work in the war of 1895-6 when the United States and Great Britain were hilarity excited over the Venezuela boundary dispute and other attendant questions. He was accorded exceptional facilities for measuring the real official and business sentiment of this country on the controversy, and his letters and telegrams to the Chronicle exerted a large influence.

He was born in Leicester, England, about 1867, and became assistant editor of the Daily Chronicle in 1895. His equipment for the special work he has had in hand is of the best. He is an observer and critic rather than a reporter, and he has shown sound judgment in treating international questions.

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Izmirlian, The New Archbishop of Egypt

The unanimous election of Monseigneur Matthew Izmirlian, by the Armenian Provincial Assembly, to the office of Archbishop of Egypt recalls the heroic but unavailing efforts of that distinguished prelate to bring about a cessation of the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. He began his public career as a teacher, and was ordained in 1864. From 1880 till 1891 he was bishop of the Armenian colony in Egypt. In January, 1895, he was chosen and enthroned Armenian patriarch of Constantinople. In this office he undertook an investigation of the alleged massacres among the Armenians with results that dissatisfied the Turkish authorities and brought him their ill-will.

His opposition to the Sultan's policy led to strenuous efforts for his removal from office. He was asked to resign and refused; ordered to deny his own reports and observations and refused; demanded to write an autograph letter admitting himself blamable for the outbreaks in Armenia and refused. At last in August, 1896, worried, harassed, and dogged in all his movements, he resigned his office, and was succeeded by Mgr. Bartolomeos. Afterward he lived quietly in Egypt. His present election is believed to have been brought about by British influence.

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General Merritt and the Newsboy

A Washington man tells a story prettily illustrating how one touch of nature [illegible] world akin. "I was cross[illegible]n on the Fulton [illegible]." "I stood on the forward deck of the ferry-boat to get a breath of air. Alongside of me was a ragged newsboy industriously munching some hot peanuts that he had got at the ferry entrance. On the other side of the newsboy was a fine looking elderly man of a decidedly military appearance.

"This military looking man was to the windward of the boy with the peanuts, and he began to sniff hungrily as he looked at the urchin beside him. He watched the boy munching his peanuts until the boat was half way across the East River. Then he held out the open palms of both his hands to the boy, saying to him, 'Here, boy, give me some peanuts, quick!' The boy grinned and dumped half the contents of his bag of peanuts into the elderly man's hands. The latter ate the peanuts voraciously for the remainder of the trip across, and when disembarked he led the newsboy up to a peanut stand and bought him a whole armful of them. The elderly military looking man was Major-General Wesley Merritt.

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The Duke of York as a Coal Heaver

The Duke of York, who has just been appointed to take command of an English battle-ship, only recently celebrated his thirty-third birthday. As a cadet and midshipman the Duke was always noted for the energy with which he performed his duties. There is an amusing incident, given on the authority of Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, under whom Prince George served. The vessel called at a Turkish port to coal, and during this operation a representative of the Sultan paid his respects to his host.

The Turk was received by the Captain, but he explained that it was the Prince he [illegible]. "I am in command," said [illegible]derick, and the Prince is an officer, but here he comes." At that point the Queen's grandson, who was in charge of the coaling party, came up. He was as black as any of the men, and the Turk refusing to believe that he was an English Prince, left with the conviction that he had been hoaxed.

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Ellen Terry to Remain With Henry Irving

The denial of the report that Ellen Terry, the well-known English actress, and Sir Henry Irving were to end their long professional association has been a cause for congratulation not only in London but throughout the United States. It is also declared that "there is absolutely no truth in the announcement that hereafter Miss Terry will [illegible] in association with Herbert Beerbohm [illegible] the most formidable rival of Sir Henry.

The causes of the report are for the time conjectural. Miss Terry has been before the [illegible] for forty years, and has achieved [illegible]nt success. She was born in Coventry, England, February 27, 1848, and made her first appearance on the stage during Charles Keane's Shakespearean revivals in The Winter's Tale and King John. In December, 1878, she joined the London Lyceum Company, and has since acted in association with Sir Henry Irving, whom she accompanied on his American tours in 1887, 1893, 1894, and 1895. Together they played [illegible] longest runs ever known of Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet and Much Ado About Nothing. Her latest appearances were in Mme. Sans Gene, Peter [illegible] and The Medicine Man.

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Lieutenant Blue and the Weighing Machine

Lieut. Victor Blue, the nervy young officer who recently performed the feat of getting a good view of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor, by making a daring detour of seventy-five miles or so on Cuban soil, was attached to the Bennington, which was lying in Honolulu harbor about three years ago. He was then an Ensign, says the Washington Star, and he had not, up to that time, been a ward room caterer. So he was unanimously elected to that post as soon as he was attached to the Bennington.

Lieutenant Blue is a giant of a young man and exceedingly good natured. But he made a sad hash of the caterer's job. He got his accounts all mixed up before he had served as caterer a week, and he had to pay a lot of seigniorage out of his own pocket. The meals he placed before his messmates were satisfactory enough, but the caterer's job wore on Lieutenant Blue a great deal. He figured on how to get his congé. When a new caterer is elected, it is the custom of the wardroom officers to weigh themselves every day, in a spirit of fun, in order to worry the caterer, and to make it appear by their solemnly averred loss of weight that they are being half starved.

Lieutenant Blue went down to the engine room one day, after he had been worried over the caterer's job for a week or so, and dug out a log drop scales. He tinkered with it for a while. Then he rigged a bosun's chair to it, carried it aft, and suggested to the officers that when they wanted to weigh themselves thereafter they use those scales of his. The officers didn't suspect anything, and after dinner the same day several of them weighed themselves. They had all lost pound since the day before.

They said the scales were wrong, and Lieutenant Blue admitted that perhaps they were. They all weighed again the next day. Each of them had lost another pound. They began to feel of their waistbands wonderingly. All of the officers of the Bennington's wardroom mess went on losing flesh, according to Lieutenant Blue's scales, for ten days or so. Then a meeting of the wardroom officers was called, and Lieutenant Blue was dropped as caterer, as being "incompetent" and "no account, anyhow." Lieutenant Blue didn't have to serve as caterer for the rest of that cruise, and he wore a smile of deep content every time he looked at a weighing apparatus.

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Rudyard Kipling at Close Range

A small man, dressed to match his old pipe—and rather fond of cutting jokes at his own expense on both ores—with prominent spectacles and prominent chin, dark mustache, keen dark eyes, keen expression, quick movements, and astonishingly quick rejoinders in talking, the distinctive note of him was keenness altogether, but sympathetic keenness. Somehow one began with an idea that he would be a rather cocksure and self-confident person. He is, of course, quite young, far younger than he looks—it was those long early years of hard, unrecognized newspaper work in India that "knocked the youth out of him": he is ridiculously young to be so famous and to have turned his fame to so much cut-and-solid work, political, or rather national as well as literary. Nevertheless, as one enthusiast expressed it, "he puts the least soul on of any celebrity I ever met."

He takes his work hard. He is tremendously in earnest about it; anxious to give of his best, often dissatisfied with his best. He is quite content to be dissatisfied with success, quite willingly haunted by the fear that this or that piece of work, felt intensely by himself in writing, and applauded even by high and mighty critics, is in reality cheap and shoddy in execution, and will be cast in damages before the higher court of posterity.

When Rudyard Kipling had written the Recessional, he was so depressed by its shortcomings of his private conception that he threw the rough copy in the [illegible] basket. Thence Mrs. Kipling [illegible]. But for Mrs. Kipling's care we should [illegible] have had the Recessional.

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General Thaulow Our Norwegian Guest

There is no doubt that that the strategists of Europe and the naval and military authorities of every civilized nation are watching with keenest interest the progress and development of the war. Some nations have gone so far as to send men to study the conditions in persons. Among these is Major General Thaulow, of the Norwegian Army, who is on a visit to the United States. He is now with our soldiers at Tampa in the official capacity of Surgeon General of the Army and Navy of Norway.

General Thaulow is the head officer of the Norwegian Red Cross, and in that capacity he is intensely interested in the hospital work of the American Army and Navy. He served his country in the same way during the Crimean War, and witnessed the siege of Sebastopol. He is tall, and [illegible], with gray hair and piercing eyes.

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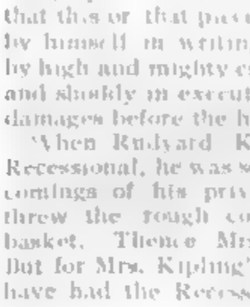
Emilio Castelar, the Spanish Republican

The recent course of this distinguished educator, [illegible] and statesman and the only man living who has been President of a republican government of Spain, is perplexing to his friends in the United States. For years he has been the recognized leader of the Republicans in Spain. Shortly before the declaration of war between the United States and Spain, he expressed the opinion that there was no justification for the interference of the United States in Cuba. Then he astonished his friends and political opponents alike by making a ceremonious declaration of loyalty to the present monarchy. Only a few weeks thereafter he published in the Petite Revue Internationale an article in which he attacked the Queen Regent, reproaching her with being an unpopular foreigner, interfering ostensibly in political affairs, and comparing her present position with that of Queen Marie Antoinette on the eve of the French Revolution. An attempt by the Chamber of Deputies to prosecute him for the article was [illegible] on the advice of the law officers.



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The Career of the New General Grant

Frederick Dent Grant, eldest son of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and one of the new Brigadier Generals is daily growing into a striking resemblance to his distinguished father. His career already has been one of marked activity, based on his own merit. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, May 30, 1850, and was attending a public school when the Civil War broke out. From that time to the close of the war he was quite constantly with his father in the field and saw many battles and campaigns. In 1871 he was graduated at the United States Military Academy, and afterward accompanied General Sherman as aid on a tour of Europe. As an aid on the Staff of General Sheridan with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he saw service on the frontier against hostile Indians. Subsequently he accompanied his father on the tour around the world. In 1881 he resigned his commission in the Army to engage in business. He has been United States Minister to Austria and a Police Commissioner of New York City. Under the call for volunteers he was chosen Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment, National Guard State of New York, and soon afterward was commissioned Brigadier General. He was sworn in by Judge Harris, an ex-Confederate.

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John Oliver Hobbes as a Playwright

The production in London of the four-act comedy, The Ambassador, by the popular author who is best known by this pen-name, was a gratifying achievement. The St. James Theatre never held a more fashionable audience, and a play has seldom had a more cordial reception. To crown all the pleasant features of the first night production, the playwright, who had personally superintended the rehearsals, was repeatedly called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of her friends. The story of the play is that of an honest diplomat and an innocent girl moving in the heart of the cosmopolitan society of Paris, and the dialogue is very humorous. The real John Oliver Hobbes is Pearl Richards, a Boston girl, born in 1867 but a resident of London since childhood. She became Mrs. Craigie, and after several years of domestic troubles secured a divorce from her husband three years ago. In 1895 her play, Journeys' End in Lovers' Meeting, was produced in New York, with Ellen Terry in the leading part.

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Alfred C. Harmsworth's Generosity to Peary

Alfred Charles Harmsworth, whose generosity has supplied Lieutenant Peary with a ship for Arctic exploration, says the Baltimore Herald, is a wide awake journalist who has made a fortune at the age of thirty-three. He was born in County Dublin, Ireland, the eldest son of a barrister, and, after a slender education in English grammar-schools and under private tuition, entered, at the age of seventeen, the office of the Illustrated London News, and became the editor of one of Sir William Ingram's journals. Ten years ago he started a little journal known as Answers, and at once made it a valuable property. Four years ago he purchased the Evening News, and in 1896 founded the Daily Mail, which has been conspicuous for genuine enterprise and financial success. He also owns many provincial journals, and controls a powerful newspaper syndicate. He is a man of ideas, with a practical talent for finding out new classes of readers and fresh methods of interesting them.

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Miss Atkinson's Coveted Silver Cup

Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, who this [illegible] time the cup for the championship of the United States in ladies' singles in tennis, is a little woman whom no one would suspect of being an athlete. She is, however, an expert at nearly all kinds of out door exercise.

The cup which is now owned by Miss Atkinson must have been won three times to become the possession of the holder, and this season Miss Atkinson won it for the third time. In 1895 she held the cup, but in 1896 lost it. Contrary to the rule in such cases, she did not drop out discouraged, but tried again in 1897 and won it and this year made it her own by winning it for the third time.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

What the Game of War is Costing

The appropriations of the second session of the Fifty fifth Congress furnish the best official data on which to estimate the cost of the war. The total sum appropriated was $892,527,991, of which $117,836,220 was for sinking fund, interest, and other fixed purposes, and $412,903,676 for the ordinary expenses of the Government. The full remainder, or $361,788,095, is the aggregate of all appropriations for war purposes for the period ending December 31 next.

In addition to this amount, the Congress authorized the construction and equipment of new war vessels that will cost over $10,000,000, but the appropriation for this payment will devolve on a subsequent Congress. The actual war appropriations represent expenses already incurred and estimated as likely to be incurred by the end of the present year. The peculiar responsibilities unexpectedly thrust upon the Government will, without doubt, greatly increase this ratio of expense, but there is a day of satisfactory recompense speedily coming into sight.

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England's Generous Guardianship of China

The first reliable exposition of Great Britain's present policy toward China is found in Lord Salisbury's address before the Union Club of London. In the unguarded language of diplomacy, this policy is to prevent the Chinese Empire from falling into ruin, to invite it into paths of reform, to give it every assistance in the power of Great Britain, to perfect its defenses, and to increase its commercial prosperity. These are humanitarian and paternal motives, and their successful issue would be a benefit, both to China and Great Britain.

England knows how fearfully China has been rent and torn by the nations of Europe since emerging from the disastrous war with Japan, and realizes her necessity for a strong and wary friend. In this connection the British Premier's declaration that "so far as railways are concerned, our advantages will be fully equal to those of other nations," will be contrasted with the notice of the Russian Chargé d' Affaires to the Chinese foreign office that Russia may be obliged to seize the province of Ché Li, in which Peking is situated, if the extension of a railroad conceded to a British syndicate is continued.

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Concentration of Shakers in Georgia

For nearly a year representatives of the Shakers in the United States have been quietly investigating the resources of several of the Southern States, with the intention of securing the concentration of the various communities in the North and West in a State offering the best industrial advantages. These investigations have resulted in the choice of Georgia, and already two large plantations have been acquired in Glynn county, and a tract of 51,000 acres in Charlton, Pierce and Ware counties. The promoters are now seeking to induce all Shakers in the country to enter upon the new possession, which offers every encouragement for the highest industrial effort.

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In Search of the Earth's Poles

Neither suffering, catastrophe, nor failure seem to lessen the fascination of polar travel. At the present moment, Lieutenant Peary and Walter Wellman, both well known American explorers, and Otto Sverdrup, the Norwegian Arctic traveler, are on their way toward the region of the North Pole, an expedition is on its way to the New Siberian Islands in the hope of finding Andreé, who sought the extreme North in a balloon, still alive, Captain Borchgrevink, the Norwegian sailor, who thrilled the world three years ago with his narrative of Antarctic discoveries, is leading a well equipped expedition to the little known continent at the South Pole, and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, on the refusal of funds by the Government is fitting out an expedition to penetrate into the interior of Victoria Land as far as possible and to make an attempt to locate the South magnetic pole.

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Our Superb Naval Achievements

Within the space of two months and a week, United States war vessels annihilated one Spanish fleet of twelve vessels and two torpedo boats in the Bay of Manila, and another fleet of four vessels and two torpedo boat destroyers off the Southern coast of Cuba; destroyed a cruiser at Santiago and another at Mariel, near Havana, captured two gunboats in Philippine waters, destroyed a torpedo-boat destroyer near San Juan, Porto Rico, and engaged fortifications at Cavite, San Juan, Santiago, and other fortified points along the coast of Cuba.

From the entrance to Santiago Bay our fleet chased Spain's most formidable squadron, considerably superior to ours in speed, for a distance of nearly sixty miles, and in one of the most exciting naval engagements on record, literally pounded every vessel to destruction. All this was done without the loss of a single fighting ship, without serious damage to any of our vessels, and with the only casualties of one man killed and nine wounded. Our only loss in vessels was one collier accidentally and one purposely sunk. No wonder the London Speaker says: "The Santiago fight proves that, so far as the fleet is concerned, the United States need not fear comparison with any country in the world."

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Untangling Legislation on Patents

A measure of vast importance to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the United States is the Act of Congress authorizing the President to appoint a Commission to revise and amend the laws concerning patents, trade marks, and trade and commercial names. The laws, as they exist, are inadequate to the conditions of today. They are too complex, contradictory and susceptible of great fraud. The United States courts, in deciding causes on the laws concerning patents, have unintentionally done much to render "confusion worse confounded." It is to be hoped that the Commission will stamp with its strongest disapproval the use of "Old Glory" and the Geneva Cross for purely business advantages. These symbols are almost sacred.

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Is Captain Sigsbee Forgotten?

The President and Congress have been prompt and profuse in extending thanks to officers of the Army and Navy for deeds of conspicuous bravery in action. No mention, however, has been made thus far of the magnetic act of Captain Sigsbee after the wrecking of his beautiful battle ship.

A man who went through the ordeal that so suddenly faced him without losing his head or his judgment, is a hero of the first water. His injunction, "Suspend judgment till facts are known," was most potent in calming the outburst of popular indignation. It accomplished more than a Presidential proclamation or an Act of Congress. This single sentence halted and held for many days the criticism of the enlightened world. Are there no thanks left for this remarkably cool headed officer? He was exonerated from blame for the loss of his ship, and this constitutes his sole recognition.

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The Harmonizing of Capital and Labor

The problem of the relation of capital to labor, which, in the United States, has sorely perplexed political economists as well as the two parties most directly interested, has been referred by Congress to a joint committee of both Houses for solution. This combined committee of ten members will have the practical aid of nine members at large, representing the different industries and employments. The committee has work laid out for it by the bill which should yield large practical and much needed results.

All questions pertinent to immigration, agriculture, manufacturing, business, and labor and employment in general are to be thoroughly investigated. What probably is most important, the committee is charged with the recommendation of legislation on these subjects that will form the basis for uniform State laws, tending to harmonize present conflicting interests, and conserve the rights of the employer, the laborer, the producer, and those of the consumer.

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Needed Improvement in Public Art

Real connoisseurs the world over will hail with high satisfaction the action of the Belgian Government in providing for an international congress on public art. This is to be held in Brussels in September, and the United States Government has been cordially invited to send delegates. The program provides for a discussion of the subject of public art from legal, social and technical standpoints. If this congress shall do aught toward putting an end to the erection in American cities of marble, granite and bronze monstrosities, under the name of monumental art, it will have accomplished a vast public boon.

There is scarcely a large city in the country that has not scandalized true art by exhibiting statuary that would not be admitted into a fourth-class gallery. In New York City the irrelevancy of subject and mediocrity of execution have reached such a state that the municipal government has found it necessary to appoint a commission of experts to pass judgement on all proposed art work of a public character.

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How War Tax Stamps Were Rushed

The dates when the War Revenue bill was passed by Congress and when the stamp tax took effect allowed but seventeen days to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the Bureau of Internal Revenue for designing, printing, and distributing the new stamps. As an emergency measure, surcharged two-cent postage stamps were provided, but so rapid was the work of producing the new stamps that comparatively few of the altered stamps were needed.

In the seventeen days, besides the work of engraving the plates for the stamps and the new bonds and printing an extra quantity of postage stamps for revenue use, the Bureau delivered to the Revenue Commissioner the great number of 350,000,000 war tax stamps, and the Commissioner distributed them.

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Barbed Wire to Keep Out an Army

The POST has already called attention to many novel expedients which the present war has rendered necessary for the first time. Through the Cuban insurgents our military authorities learned of the large use of barbed wire by the Spanish in the construction of trochas, or dead lines, and of isolated impediments to forward movements. In some instances these obstructions took the form of closely strung fences from eight to ten feet high; in others, the wire was strung from tree to tree in irregular lines; in all, the employment of this wire made obstacles that ordinarily would have greatly impeded the advance of the American forces. Yankee ingenuity, however, mastered these novel obstructions by means of 20,000 wire cutters, which formed part of the equipment of the first forces landed on the island.

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The First Issue of Surcharged Stamps

The two-cent postage stamps with the letters I. R. printed across the face, which the Government put out while the new internal revenue stamps were being printed, were the first surcharged stamps ever issued by the United States. The surcharging of stamps has long been a common practice in the Central and South American republics, in the British colonies, and in several of the French colonial possessions.

These stamps, issued in an emergency and usually in use for a short time only, are eagerly sought by philatelists because of their rarity. In Central and South America regular postage stamps are surcharged with the word "oficial." The French Government surcharges its regular stamps with the name or initials of its colonies for use therein. This kind of stamp is quite common in the British Indian possessions. It is also a practice in several countries, when the supply of stamps of one denomination gives out temporarily, to surcharge other stamps with the denomination which is needed.

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Helping Bankrupts to Begin Afresh

The bill which became a law in the closing hours of Congress was a compromise on the Nelson bill in the Senate, and the Torrey bill in the House. It is the result of an agitation among business men of more than fifteen years' duration. The bill is quite liberal in its provisions, especially on the terms of discharge.

It is confidently believed that this legislation will enable from 150,000 to 200,000 bankrupts to fully re-establish themselves. Furthermore, it will enable manufacturers and merchants to secure a fair division of their debtors' property, and go a long way toward preventing embezzlement, fraud, and useless waste of valuable property. It will be of great assistance to the bankrupt who, though honest, has been forced to the wall.

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How the War Blocks Legislation

The recent session of Congress had a number of important measures before it which got sidetracked by the greater importance of war legislation. At the beginning of the session it seemed reasonably certain that the carefully prepared schemes for the reform of our banking and currency systems would in some form become laws, but they never reached consideration in the House.

The people of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma were again disappointed in their efforts to secure Statehood. Fortunately, a movement that by modifications would have virtually killed our civil service system, was checked by the war measures after exciting strong debate in both houses. A long considered immigration bill, requiring ability to read and write on the part of those sixteen years old, passed the Senate, but did not reach a vote in the House. A Naval Personnel bill, providing for the reorganization of the entire naval service, which had been under agitation for several years, got no further than the reporting stage in the House. Bimetalism received a decided check when Senator Teller's resolution, declaring for payment of the National bonds in silver as well as gold, was defeated in the House after its adoption in the Senate.

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How We Are Changing the World's Maps

Current events are not only making history that is astonishing to the United States, as well as to the rest of the world, but they are working great changes in the latest geographies. Maps, charts, histories, and the innumerable cyclopædias must now be made over, in order to give the United States what is its own. Pending a permanent political disposition, the Philippine, Ladrone, and Hawaiian Islands have became a part of the Military Department of California, and a like emergency will probably bring Cuba and Porto Rico under the jurisdiction of the Department of the East, which includes the State of Florida, with headquarters at New York, or of the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio, the two last departments being nearest to the islands in question.

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American Students in French Schools

In view of the large number of American youth of both sexes who are constantly seeking special or advanced education in the schools of France, the requirements for admission possess valuable interest. Students from the United States have all possible facilities extended to them, and as a rule are much liked by the teachers. Any foreign student desirous of taking a course in any of the schools of the country—medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, veterinary, painting, design, architecture, music, declamation, engineering, etc.—must first secure formal application by the diplomatic representative of his own country. In general two letters are required, one making application, the other expressing thanks when the request is granted.

Applicants for admission to any of the high-grade schools are obliged also to produce certain certificates of studies, or diplomas which the authorities accept only when passed through the diplomatic representative. Foreign students can enter the School of Mines as foreign pupils after an examination, or as free auditors without examination. In each case the matriculation fee is $9.65.

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Where Jews Are the Victims of Violence

For some time now there has been a decidedly formidable anti-Jewish movement among the peasantry in Galacia. But the sentiment has recently increased in violence, and the Austrian Government now has a problem on its hands the solution of which will demand a vigorous and extensive use of troops. The discontent of the peasants, which had long smouldered, has at last broken into flame, undoubtedly because of the direction of designing agitators. In one district handbills have been distributed commanding the peasants by official authority to beat the Jews. With the beating the enraged peasants also indulged in the pillage and plunder of their wretched victims.

From small beginnings the movement has now assumed such proportions that organized bands are now roaming about the country [illegible] licence wherever they [illegible] there have been serious [illegible] between [illegible] and the gendarmes, and unless the Austrian Government takes prompt action the movement will assume the proportions of a revolution.

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Is Great Britain's Naval Prestige Waning?

It appears from data recently brought out by an Admiral in the English Navy that there is a startling decrease in the number of British seamen. The marked decline in the number of native Americans in our own merchant marine has long been a cause for regret, but the news of Great Britain's decline in this direction is surprising. It appears that the places formerly held by British born seamen in England's merchant Navy are being filled by foreigners and Asiatics. The gravity of this situation may be appreciated when it is remembered that the merchant ships are the training-schools of the Navy.

The cause of this decline may undoubtedly be found in the low scale of wages. English seamen, like American seamen, demand a higher rate of pay than do foreigners, and it has been found that foreign seamen are more easily satisfied with poor rations, and more docile. The situation is critical for England, dependent as she is upon her supremacy upon the seas, and the only remedy lies in Governmental control of the rate of wages and the quality of the food supplied.

XIX

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By ALFRED TENNYSON

With a Drawing By George Gibbs

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

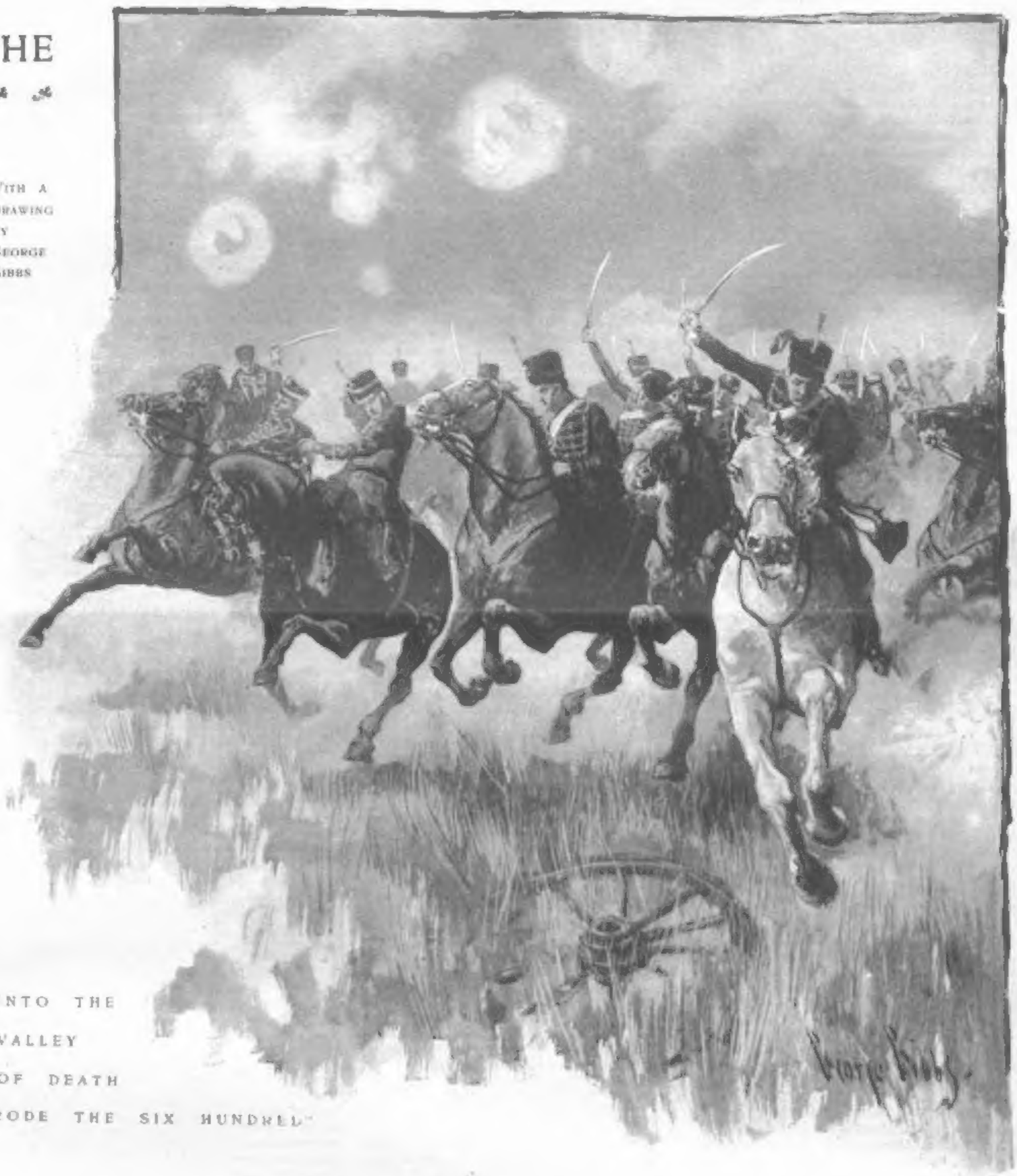
"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell—
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!



"INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH RODE THE SIX HUNDRED"

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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE was written by Alfred Tennyson on December 2, 1854, just after the news had reached England. The poem was written in a few moments, after the poet had read the description of the charge, in the London Times. The sentence "Some one has blundered" caught his eye, and was the origin of the metre of the poem.

The poem at once became popular, especially among the soldiers. They set it to music and sang it in the camp and on the march. Tennyson refused to insert in the soldiers' edition several corrections the critics had suggested, and would not take out "Some one had blundered."

XX THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

ON CAME the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast;
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast as they renewed each serried square
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again,
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume panoply.

Then waked their fire at once!
Each Musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in cannon rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

By the REV. R. E. WELSH, M. A.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Eight

IT IS a subject which one would like to hear adequately discussed by skilled and experienced disputants: Which period of life—youth, mature manhood, or mellow age—is the best?

The debate would doubtless be handicapped by too many "personal equations" to secure a sound and balanced verdict. Each would see the present in sharp projection, and the past or future softened or magnified in the haze of distance. No doubt, if a poll were taken, the majority would vote that youth has the largest share of pleasures, because all physical and mental powers are then in most exhilarating activity; and that old age has the hardest time of it.

Probably the age which appears to be the best is also the worst, subject to both extremes alike; because capable of the keenest delights, therefore liable to suffer the sharpest miseries. If youth has the keenest delights, I am tempted to think, despite common opinion, that it has also the keenest pains—the pains of the raw recruit, of sensitive self-consciousness, of "finding one's self," and finding one's niche in the world—as well as encountering the most turbulent of all strong temptations.

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Perhaps the middle years are the most satisfying, because then a man has learned the art of living, has found his groove, has begun to reap the benefit of his apprenticeship to the world's work, has lost the early fevers of the blood, has settled down to a more regulated mean between extremes, and knows how to take the good out of life. But, coiled within these advantages, there lie seductive perils which make mid-life as critical a period as youth itself. The dangers of youth are writ large—the risks of curiosity, of unbridled energies, of delicious excitements, of erratic fancies, or corrupting company. But the perils and temptations of mature manhood—who among our masters brings these to market?

If we reckon only the improprieties that are palpably reprehensible, or that in one mad month bring down ruin like a landslip, then youth is the most dangerous time of life, for then men's follies are visibly disastrous. But that is to base conclusions on the measure of the eye.

When a man has settled down into a niche in business and society, when he has formed his attachments, and prudently married, and taken two sittings in church, it is assumed that he has weathered the stormy seas and is now within safe waters. But the old temptations have only given place to new—wild gales to hidden shoals and secret currents—which are all the more subtly dangerous because they are not apparent on the surface and are not indicated on official maps.

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Range through the ample galleries of human portraiture in history and literature—chief among them the sacred gallery of Scripture, where, by the law (under God) of "the survival of the fittest," hang types the most representative of human character—and you find a surprising number of men who collapsed during the middle years, just when they seemed to have reached safe ground.

So long as they were battling for a foothold in the world, they showed themselves men of grit and pluck. Perhaps they were visionary, or jaunty, or hot-headed. But at any rate they had warm and not ignoble ambitions, souls that burned with the shame of human wrongs and the hope of great reforms, and eyes that saw the poetry of earth. They believed; or, if they doubted the common creed, it was only because they craved or believed the more intensely some more refined truth. So long as they had to struggle they were strong. But when they had climbed the steep height and had won safer, happier ground, a marked change came over them. Still a few years later and they are not the same men as before, by any means. Not only have they lost, naturally lost, light-hearted exuberance, but they have folded their wings. They have settled deep into the world. They have become practical and utilitarian. They have come down from the poetry and ideal of life to the prose and real, and the hard matter-of fact world has materialized their minds.

Their measure of things is not the measure of an angel or an immortal, but the measure of a man. No longer rash and reckless, nor running to the ends of the earth after the gold at the base of rainbows, they are cautious, and careful, and worldly wise. And, worse than all, in the process of the change they have been losing moral fibre and intensity of conviction. They incline to a prudential policy of living, and privately are disposed to worship what Robert Louis Stevenson so very aptly called "the twin-god of Comfort and Respectability."

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In a novel or biography, the interest is strong until the hero has won the day, till he is safely married or ensconsed in his estate; then the romance is ended. A man may have some such feeling about his own life when the period of struggle is past—that the romantic interest is over—and he may grow careless accordingly.

This is not, of course, the story of the mass of those who reach mid-life. Far from being the story of all, there are many who, as they throw away the foolish vagaries of youth, grow nobly wise and humanely generous. Mid-life is for them the richest stage of experience, filling up their powers and bringing their manhood to its flower and fruitage. The backbone of National character, the mainstay of civic and Christian enterprises, the trusty counselors of their more hapless fellows, and good Samaritans to the weak, they fulfill the worthiest destiny, going from strength to strength.

None the less, the temptations and perils of our middle years are such as those here sketched. Our generous interests and many-tinted skies are apt to fade away and leave us the careworn slaves of bald duty within a narrow groove. We have to concentrate ourselves upon our special work, and concentration is apt to bring cramping limitation, making a man the "bigoted worshiper of his own specialty." Having seen the hollow side of life, we are prone to distrust the sanguine people who push magnanimous schemes for benefiting the wretched at home or the oppressed races and the heathen abroad. Ten or twenty years ago:

> "Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
> Our sleep felt soft on the hardest bed,
> Fresh we awoke on the morrow.
> All our thoughts and words had scope;
> We had health, and we had hope,
> Toil and labor, but no sorrow."

But now we crave comfort, and slip gently toward sordid self-contentment and consequent mental and moral stagnation.

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It is at this time of life that a "man's heart warms to his viands," when he tastes the pleasures of the table, and, comfortably fed, his mind fades into a rosy zone of *sans souci* contemplation, and soars no more. It is the time when men incline to grow gross in body, or, if still "lean kine," to be none the less dainty gourmets, shrewdly self-wise—when they feel like the old Moslem of a Scot who said in his prayer, "We thank Thee for wumman, to mak' us comfortable."

Such men never stray into loose practices—most of them steer a safe course; they simply grow cautiously self-indulgent. The mere flesh claims more and more, and throws its arms about the spirit, dragging it to earth. Then, whether they be easy men of the world or the members of a church-going society, their souls become lost in their bodies.

"But the sins of mid-life," says one, "are not the product of the middle years; they are only the cherished evil tendencies of youth come to the surface; it was in the dangerous days between twenty and thirty that the mischief was done." That is not so certain. Having escaped from the early midsummer madness, with no seniors entitled to lecture them, and under the delusion that all is now pretty secure, men relax self-discipline, remove the sentinel guard, and are liable to have their moral vigor undermined.

Faust is the type which worldly wise Goethe built up, out of his observation of life and in half-conscious self-revealment, to symbolize this critical age. Faust's youthful voracity for all possible knowledge in science and philosophy succumbs under the middle-aged passion for sweet indulgences. Henry VIII, the most promising of young monarchs, became, in over-ripe maturity, the glutton of pleasure. In a different way, Francis Bacon, who had so bravely scaled the bastions of power as to become Keeper of the Great Seal, suffered from "the destruction that wasteth at noonday," and, spite of his wisdom, fell with bribes in his hand.

David, the frank, bold shepherd, happy with his sheep and his harp; the hunted fugitive magnanimously sparing his enemy and generously loyal to his friend; the same David, no longer at the front in the wars, malingers and lolls at home in rakish luxury, and callously contrives the destruction of the man whom he has wronged. Solomon's one wish as a young man was that God would give him wisdom; his decay came when he attained the summit of his ambition.

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Not less striking, though less familiar, is the story of the Royal hero who began the fifty-two years of his reign by quashing the paganism of Judah, organizing a huge National militia, and carrying his conquests as far as the Arabian seaboard. He fostered agriculture, had farms of his own, dug wells in waterless plains, in out-lying regions built towers for the shelter of his shepherds and workmen, promoted the people's interests, and consolidated the nation under the fear of God. Uzziah "was marvelously helped till he was strong; but when he was strong his heart was lifted up to his own destruction."

If he does not claim to have bought God out, such a man appears to feel as if he had got the freehold of his life, and could smoke the pipe of independence.

The errors of the young go beforehand to betray them openly. Less evident, but not less deadly, is the secret demoralization of mid-life. Even Christian people, after years of vigorous service, are sometimes seen to settle down into worldly alliances and slip off the yoke of work; and just when their experience ought to make them the most useful, they, perhaps for the sake of wife and domestic bliss, hand over the work to others.

Others, less fortunate, who have missed the prizes which Dame Fortune distributes, may not grumble because they have to struggle on to the end; but, buffeted and fatigued, they are apt to lose the force of early faith and generous warmth of heart. Great thoughts and noble passions sound in their ears like mocking irony. Seeing their contemporaries outdistance them, and even their juniors stride past them and snatch the places they have coveted in vain, they are tempted to turn bitter, or to ignobly acquiesce, and drag out their days in sullen narrowness and with fainting hearts.

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Their peril is the loss of ennobling aspiration, and dull contentment with a drudging existence. Thus they, too, may in some measure lose their souls. Caring little what becomes of them, they decline the chance which God still gives them of winning the supreme gain of life—the attainment of purged and sweetened character. Whatever else they may have missed, this, at least, is as much within their reach as if they had greatly prospered, perhaps more so—a moral nature of fine calibre, a life simple and good.

Both classes alike need the same thing to save them—to "keep the body under," and keep the finer senses in unfailing touch with lofty interests and the invisible powers of good; to still read the best books and study the best art, and take concern with some social enterprise or Christian work; to watch and "deny themselves, and take up their cross and follow Christ."

They are safe only while they continue to use their powers to the full, and to be engrossed with high ends. Let them above all seek spiritual revival, seek it in fear of themselves, and in deep-down earnestness, and without false shame; seek it as the one vital desideratum and safeguard.

There are great powers of recovery available for those who feel they have declined, and great forces of protection and spiritual safety. In the dry plains may be struck an artesian well that drains the waters of the high mountains; and if we but strike deep and sure into our hearts, deep into the human and divine, we shall find new springs of life fed by the renewing Spirit from on high.

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Happily, one sees at times men in mid-life, who had lost tone and fallen into worldly habit, caught in the web of Providence, smitten by some blessed circumstance, touched by some tender hand that acts magically upon their hearts, drawn into a warmer climate of life, quieted, uplifted, and granted a fresh sense of things divine, so that without fuss or miracle they have blossomed into Christian ripeness, and have given the fruit of their strength to their fellows. The world, which once seemed all and sufficient, fell away; the soul reasserted itself in hungry aspiration; high objects caught up their eyes, and their mature manhood and mellow age have showed Christ's fine handiwork and spiritual power upon them.

By all that existence here or anywhere is worth, let the clutch of the flesh and self-despair be thrown off with consecrated vehemence, and a swift call be upraised to God for reawakening and strength.

Let the very dangers and temptations of which you become aware hasten you to Heaven's footstool with a panting prayer for the saving of your soul from the choking world and inward death. It must be thorough work—no mere puff of wishes, but glad and final surrender to the supreme mastery of Christ.

Youthful exhilaration, now out of date, returns not; but strong satisfaction will surge up from opened springs. Mature manhood will be strong in gathered wisdom, in practical usefulness, and in ripening character. Youth will ever "mount up on wings"; but as great a triumph will it be if mid-life "run and be not weary," and old age "walk and do not faint."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, The Middle Years of Life, is taken from The Young Man, an English magazine. The first eight are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—Ground of Christian Certainty,	by Rev. George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by Rev. R. E. Welsh, M. A.,	July 30

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The Wisdom of the East

From the Bibles of the Orient

THE doctrine that enters only into the ear is like the repast one takes in a dream.

RATHER skin a carcass for pay in the public streets than be idly dependent on charity.

IF THY garments be clean, and thy heart be foul, thou needst no key to the door of hell.

IF THOU shouldst find thy friend in the wrong, reprove him secretly; but in company praise him.

IN THIS thing one man is superior to another: he is better able to bear adversity and prosperity.

A MAN should never despise himself, for brilliant success never attends on the man who is contemned by himself.

A MAN of little learning deems that little a great deal; a frog, never having seen the ocean, considers its well a great sea.

A WISE man takes a step at a time; he establishes one foot before he takes up the other: an old place should not be forsaken recklessly.

DO NOT consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practice it; do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.

AS DROPS of bitter medicine, though minute, may have a salutary force, so words, though few and painful, uttered seasonably, may rouse the prostrate energies of those who meet misfortune with despondency.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

Half Hours With Song and Story

How Big Does the Moon Look?

THERE is an old, old controversy respecting the apparent size of the moon. To one person the moon looks to be about a foot across. To another it looks about as big as a cart-wheel, while a third party will declare that really it looks no bigger than a silver dollar. No two see it alike.

As large as a silver dollar, as large as a dinner plate, as large as a cart-wheel—these comparisons are all good, provided it is stated at what distance from the eye the several objects of comparison are conceived to be. A silver dollar at a distance of fourteen feet, a dinner plate at ninety feet, a cart-wheel at 500 feet, the moon at a distance of 240,000 miles, all subtend an angle of about half a degree, and have, therefore, the same apparent size while so vastly different.

There is a singular optical illusion in regard to the moon's apparent size—and also that of the sun—which may be noticed while we are on this subject—namely, that when rising the moon always looks larger than when it has attained to a considerable altitude in the heavens. The explanation seems to be that when either the sun or the moon is near the horizon we can compare it directly with large objects, such as trees and houses, which, of course, look small in the distance, and the impression of size is heightened; but when it stands in mid-heavens there is no object with which it may be compared. Actually, the apparent size of the moon is less when it is on the horizon than when it is near the zenith, for when it is in this latter position our distance from it is about 4000 miles—the earth's semi-diameter—less than when it is just rising above the horizon.

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Studying Astronomy from the Porch

FOR every shooting star he claimed a kiss.
She, seeming coy, at first demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would not be denied,
When he, at length, a flying meteor spied.
And so, as evening grew apace, their eyes
Oft scann'd the glittering aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star caught either's sight
A sound of kissing broke upon the night.
And so it came to pass anon that she
Look'd for a shooting star as much as he.
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view,
She called his wond'ring fancy to it, too.
When intervals seemed long between each hug,
She called him on a passing lightning-bug;
And, ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short fleeting hours
Than would compose whole meteoric showers.
But when she did her last pretext exhaust
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing
And got the youth down to a steady thing.

—Vassar Miscellany.

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The Biggest Check Ever Drawn

THERE were recently made out two checks which were and still are the largest ever drawn in single financial transactions, says the St. James Budget. The smaller of the two checks established a record as the largest ever drawn; but although it was for more than $55,000,000, it did not stand long, being eclipsed by a check for $622,500,000.

These valuable pieces of paper were drawn in connection with the last Chinese Loan, and the final instalment of the war indemnity money which was due to Japan from China, and changed hands on May 7, in the parlor of the Bank of England, in the presence of the Governor of the Bank, the Plenipotentiaries of the Chinese and Japanese Governments, and the managers and sub-managers of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking corporation. Their record check was the largest ever drawn by any banking firm. It was an ordinary looking document enough, and folded up would easily go into one's vest pocket. If it were possible to make a golden column of these millions by piling the coins one on top of the other, the enormous height of ten and three-fourths miles would be reached. If, instead of a column, a chain were made of the coins, they being placed side by side, the chain would extend a distance of no less than 148¾ miles.

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Where To-morrow Begins

OUT in the Pacific ocean, somewhere about midway between San Francisco and Yokohama, is a place where to-morrow is born and the traveler skips from yesterday to to-morrow without being able to get a grip on to-day. One day is absolutely stolen out of his life, for if it be Tuesday on one side of the line, it is either Thursday or Tuesday repeated on the other. No matter which direction the ship may be sailing, the passenger is shy one whole day when he gets to that point. The weekly calendar operates from different sides of the sea, and the result is this conflict.

In crossing the Atlantic from London to New York the passenger gains slightly over half an hour a day. From New York to Chicago he adds another hour to the three or four crossing the ocean, another in reaching Denver, and still another on reaching San Francisco. The latter city reckons time eight hours later than London, and the better portion of a day later than Shanghai or Yokohama.

In crossing the Pacific the traveler comes to the time when he catches up with the procession, and drops a whole day out of his life as easily as he glides through the water driven by the ship's powerful screws. This line of demarkation is not a perpendicular one from north to south. The islands in the Pacific take their time reckonings from the continent with which they do the bulk of their trading. This causes the line to zigzag down the ocean in a very ragged manner. It might happen that the boat would strike an island which clings to San Francisco time, the vessel having already skipped a day. In such a case it would be Monday on shore and Tuesday on board of the ship.

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An Army in a Nutshell

AN ARMY, three corps;
A corps, three divisions;
A division, three brigades;
A brigade, three regiments;
A regiment, three battalions;
A battalion, three companies;
A company, one hundred men.

The above figures, says the Knoxville Sentinel, represent averages, and are subject to change.

Major-Generals will command corps and divisions;
Brigadier-Generals, brigades;
Colonels, regiments;
Majors, battalions;
Captains, companies.

A Lieutenant-Colonel is a Vice-Colonel—that is, takes the place of his superior when absent. The Adjutant and Quartermaster rank as Lieutenants, and are appointed by the Colonel. The Surgeon ranks as Major, Assistant Surgeon as Captain, while the Chaplain also ranks as Captain.

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What the Wearing of Ear-Rings Means

THE Rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden as a sign of slavery and submission to man, her master. If so, the slaves have since found a way to make their masters atone for this humiliation; the latter must pay dearly for the diamond badges of their wives' servitude. Since then, not money alone have these pretty baubles cost; blood has been poured forth in torrents to procure them for some capricious fair one, while the sacrifice of them has at other times been attended with the most fatal results to many persons.

The golden calf was made entirely from the golden ear-rings of the people—probably the same they had borrowed of the Egyptians, and neglected to return—and three thousand men paid with their lives the unworthy use to which the jewels were put. We find also that the ephod, made of the ear-rings of the Princes of Midian, "became a snare unto Gideon, and to his house." Among the Arabs, having a ring in one's ear is synonymous with being a slave. When one man submits to the will of another, he is said to have placed in his ear the ring of obedience, as symbolical of his slavery.

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The First Day in the Desert

TO SUM up a first day's impressions of the African desert is by no means an easy task, says Angels Heilprin, in the Popular Science Monthly. The multitude and variety of the scenes that present themselves do not admit of immediate appreciation; nor, perhaps, do they fasten upon the imagination with that intensity which is left by the pictures of other lands. Yet this ruddy Orient is in itself a picture of intensest moods, a lasting conception from which is carried to every mind that is brought in contact with it. The weather-beaten crags, the shifting sands, the sands of unmoving and monotonous silence, the slowly wandering caravans, the long and weird-like shadows which stalk over the surface in the horizontal light of the rising or setting sun, are all pictures that impress by their individuality; and to these are added others which are hardly less interesting or picturesque.

It is, however, the oasis that is the redeeming pearl of the desert. No poetic temperament is needed to prepare one for the enjoyment of its coming. From miles of distance the eye fastens itself upon the tree tops; the dark green is a break in the landscape, and like the black shadow of clouds it seems to go and come, the gentle undulations of the desert throwing it now and again out of sight. We had penetrated but a moderate distance into the desert, but the coming of the oasis was a relief that can hardly be described—those dense groves of date palms and the circulating streams.

When we entered Mreir the sun had just set behind the palm forest, illuminating the sky with that soft African yellow which is the special privilege of the brush of Edouard Frére. The tall tree trunks rose against this in spectre shadows of brown, silent monoliths as if rising from a silent grave. A more entrancing scene could hardly be imagined, and yet how different was the picture from that which is shown in books and narratives!

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A Tree That Sheds Light

AMONG the world's curiously formed trees the Asiatic star tree is not conspicuous, but among Nature's freaks in the tree class it stands alone. Its properties are peculiar to itself. Its history is clouded, its attributes unlike anything seen in other trees.

Enormously tall, a man of ordinary height is dwarfed into nothingness beside its trunk. Bare from the ground up to a distance of about forty feet, it puts forth at that place a hundred tangled limbs. From the latter there shoot out great clusters of long, pointed leaves, which, bunching themselves together, exude a kind of phosphorescent light at night, giving a strange, spectral appearance to the big tree. Travelers on the desert, descrying this tree at night, frequently mistake the giant-leaved thing for a house or some lonely tower. The light is subdued, but voluminous, and lasts until daybreak.

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The Largest Span in Existence

THE largest span in existence is the main arch of the new steel bridge recently built at Niagara. The length of the span is 868 feet, and it is connected to the banks by approaches or flanking spans, one of which is 190 feet long, the other 240 feet. In all about 4,000,000 pounds of steel have been used in building the bridge. As the ends of the arch reached the height of the suspension bridge, the trusses of this bridge were cut away in the centre in order to facilitate the work. Niagara now has a bridge far more substantial than any suspension bridge ever built anywhere in the world.

WHEN I PAWNED MY WATCH

By G. S. STREET

THE sky was blue, the grass was green, and the birds sang, when I set forth to pawn my watch. There was a promise of spring in the air, and all nature mocked me. People went by in cabs as if nothing in particular were the matter, and the crossing-sweeper at the bottom of the street saluted me without a suspicion of irony. I very nearly stopped and told him.

I had long seen that it must come. The tragedy of my life has been that I could never manage to be in debt on a large scale. People who owe hundreds of thousands do not pawn their watches; they are never in want of "a tenner ready." I have a friend whose means of livelihood is an elaborate system of loans on life insurance policies; at intervals, of course, a new loan on a new policy has to be contrived that the interest and premiums on the old may be paid.

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The system is like an inverted pyramid, requiring continually a fresh apex. Some day, perhaps, that will not be forthcoming, and the whole edifice will topple over, and my friend will have to build anew. Meantime he is clothed in a fur coat, and fares sumptuously every day. But the few miserable hundreds which I owe bring me in no income at all. So it had to come. My borrowing powers were exhausted, and I had begun to hear the brutal suggestion that I should give up being a struggling genius and do some work. It had come to this, that I had no money to buy a dinner. As to Algernon in "Rhoda Fleming," so to me, dinner had always seemed a matter of course; you are born, and you dine. Being a struggling genius teaches you many things. Sorrowfully, I set forth to pawn my watch.

It was my own watch, and I could do what I liked with it. I had to repeat this to myself continually, for I was oppressed, vaguely but intolerably, by a feeling that I was doing some wicked, criminal thing. I had not pawned my watch since I was an innocent, happy child at school. Then, so far as I remember, I had no scruples at all; but then it was for pleasure, now it was for subsistence; now for bread, then for cakes.

Every respectable person I passed in Pall Mall was a reproach to me; I looked askance at policemen. But, after all, it was our cruel social system, which refuses a "living wage" to genius, that was to blame; I sneered savagely at the Athenæum.

It seemed hours before I reached the Strand and looked sympathetically at Trafalgar square, associated in my mind with riots of the unemployed. "It is not generally known that the three balls at the pawnbrokers' shops," etc., the anecdote in Charles Lamb about his friend, who always fell back upon this announcement when material for writing ran short, came suddenly into my head. Oh, to be back among my books, remote from this horrible reality! I looked into the window, as if making up my mind to buy something, and entered with the air of an inexperienced thief. The man inside was affable and pleasant—so pleasant that I half thought of trying to borrow from him, "as between gentlemen," but reflected that our acquaintance was short.

It was done, and I had joined the ranks of the watchless. There is not a mile between the Strand and my rooms, and at least fifteen children asked me the time on the way. I became restless; the money was accursed, and I loathed it. It is not difficult to get rid of a few pounds in an evening in London, if you like entertaining your friends.

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"What's the time?"

"I'm not sure, sir; I'll look at your watch."

I was wide awake in a moment, and explained volubly that it had gone to be cleaned. It would never do for him to know. I am not much of a hero to him as it is.

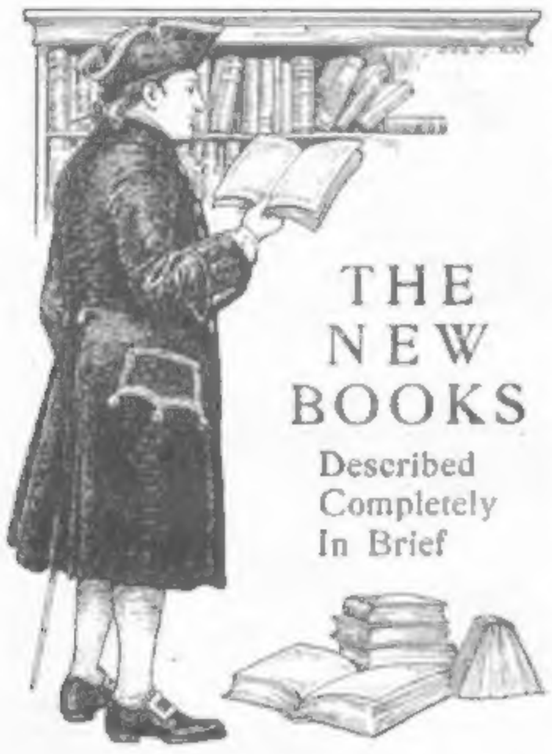
After breakfast I considered what else I could take to the affable man behind the counter. It must be something that would not be missed. I, myself, have moments in which I almost doubt the balance of advantage in being a struggling genius. You are master of your time, and can have a secret contempt for the slavery your friends are enduring at the bar or elsewhere; but your friends who do nothing are in better case than you. The possibilities of achievement may be exciting, but the humors of impecuniosity are monotonous. I cannot, therefore, reasonably expect Thompson to sympathize with me; in fact, I would rather he did not know I am a genius. I will preserve such shreds of heroism as remain to me.

"What is it, Thompson?"

"You left this on the dressing-table, sir."

I looked. It was the pawn-ticket.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This clever sketch is taken from Some Notes of a Struggling Genius, by G. S. Street. Published by John Lane, New York.



Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope.—Sequels are usually written for that public which applauds the comedian's song in a light opera until it is satiated, and the rest of the audience bored. In point of interest, they seldom approach the first fresh story, and too often they are but weak dilutions of it. In Rupert of Hentzau, Mr. Hope has managed to avoid the last of these dangers, while not entirely escaping the first. Not that his story is weak. It is ingenious in plot, cleverly worked out, and well told. But that freshness of theme and treatment which made The Prisoner of Zenda the most fascinating romance of its day is necessarily missing. If anything, the plot is too ingenious, too cunningly hinged and jointed, and moves almost too smoothly along to the clever climax.

Rudolph Rassendyll comes again to Strelsau, and again he impersonates the King of Ruritania. This he does that he may force Rupert of Hentzau to give up a compromising letter—sent by the Queen to Rudolph—which Rupert has stolen from its bearer. To the real King, sleeping in his hunting lodge, the Prince forces his way, intending to betray the Queen; but before he has accomplished his purpose he quarrels with and kills the King. From this point the story moves forward swiftly through plot and counterplot, to the final discomfiture of Rupert. The honor of the Queen is saved, and the scandal of the King's death is handled in a way which will interest and surprise even the old novel reader. As a whole, the book is worthy of Mr. Hope, and would take first place among what he has done, had not The Prisoner of Zenda preceded it. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

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Thirty Strange Stories, by H. G. Wells.—During the last two years, Mr. Wells has been proclaimed with increasing insistence as the new prophet of science in the world of Fiction. This latest collection of his tales cannot but add to his swiftly growing reputation. Some odd fact, some dry bit of science, touched by his fancy, becomes an uncommon conceit. For instance: in Æpyornis Island, Butcher, the collector of curiosities, finds some eggs of the Æpyornis, an extinct bird, buried deep in the mud. For four hundred years that casing has kept them fresh and sweet. But now, in the hot sun, one of them hatches out. The collector feeds the young one, cares for it, and pets it. From a fledging the size of a hen, it grows till it is as large as an ostrich, and it only stops growing when it is fourteen feet high. Then it turns savage and attacks Butcher. Alone, on a little coral atoll with this strange survivor of primeval days the man is hard pressed to keep out of its reach. Half the time he is hiding in the tops of palms; the rest he is immersed up to his neck in water. A clever stroke finally solves the intolerable situation. In The Strange Orchid, and, in fact, in some of the twenty-eight other tales, there is an unpleasant touch of the morbid; but, taken as a whole, Mr. Wells' collection of strange stories is exceptionally interesting and readable. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

•

The Growing Revelation, by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.—The fourteen sermons which make up this volume are quite free from technical theology. They aim to show that the fundamental truths of Christianity grow in clearness and certainty through the experience of the centuries, among sin and suffering. The preacher urges that the faith he proclaims is the necessity of his hearers' lives; that their own consciences teach them this. In a prologue on Theological Thought To-Day, Dr. Bradford condenses into small compass a statement of the chief interests and beliefs held by leading theologians to-day. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

•

The Terror, by Felix Gras.—In the Reds of the Midi, M. Gras viewed the Revolution from a place among the people. In this later story, in which many of the characters of the first reappear, he takes the nobles' point of view. We see the Terror through the eyes of Adeline, an aristocrat; the author lays bare for us the heart and feelings of a tenderly-nurtured girl, thrown suddenly into the vortex of the Revolution. For a time, the action passes in Paris, then in Avignon. It is a strong story, dramatically told. At times its pictures are startling in their vividness. Especially well done is the description of the execution of Louis XVI. Taken as a whole, the book is powerful, impressive, and artistic; full of stirring incidents and splendid depictions of character. The translating from the Provençal has been admirably done by Catharine A. Janvier. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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Auld Lang Syne, by Max Müller.—Prof. Max Müller has been inspired to write his reminiscences under the good Scotch title of Auld Lang Syne, and very welcome reading do they make. For the Professor is a brilliant man, and has seen a good deal of the world, with the result that anything he tells us of himself or of his contemporaries is full of interest. Curiously enough, Von Weber, the composer, was Max Müller's godfather, while one of his earliest recollections was of Mendelssohn, "a very young man, with the head of an angel." Other celebrities flit agreeably through the pages of these memoirs; among them Liszt, Tennyson, Darwin, English Royalties and the democratic Heine. The Professor saw Heine in Paris, and he tells us "it was a sad sight." "He was bent down and dragged himself slowly along, his spare, grayish hair was hanging around his emaciated face; there was no light in his eyes. He lifted one of his paralyzed eyelids with his hand and looked at me. For a time, like the blue sky breaking from behind gray October clouds, there passed a friendly expression across his face, as if he thought of days long gone by." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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The Attractive Christ, and Other Sermons, by Robert Stuart MacArthur.—This is a volume of twenty sermons on Gospel themes, presenting Christ in the many forms in which He offers Himself for the daily needs and necessities of our lives. The author is a Bible preacher and handles his themes in a simple and scholarly manner. The book is well calculated to advance the cause for which he is so sincerely laboring. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

•

Eighty Years and More, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton.—Any authentic record of Mrs. Stanton's active life must be a valuable contribution to our social history. For twenty of these eighty years of which she writes, she was identified with the great Abolition movement, and for fifty years no voice has demanded "woman's rights" with greater insistence than hers. Not the least charm of her reminiscences is that they are frankly personal. There is much of interest even in the chapters on Childhood, School Days, and Girlhood. It was when she was but eleven years old that an event occurred which shaped her whole life. Her only brother died, and her father, holding her in his arms, sighed: "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" So moved was the child that she replied: "I will try to be all my brother was." And she has kept that promise. (European Publishing Company, New York.)

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A Flower Orchid, and Other Stories, by Ella Higginson. To excel in the writing of short stories one must be able to tell a good deal in small space, so that while the pages may be comparatively few the food for imagination is generous. This is an art possessed by Ella Higginson, who knows how to carry the reader with her from start to finish. In her present volume the post of honor is given to A Forest Orchid, a charming little idyl of the woods, which well deserves so prominent a position. Nothing could be finer in its way, and more gracefully, delicately told than this bit of romance—a romance which, while ideal in tone, shows a keen understanding of human nature. Indeed, the heroine of the tale is so attractive a product of open-air life that it is to be regretted we do not see much more of her. The other stories are hardly up to the mark of A Forest Orchid, but they are well worth perusal. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

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In the Depths of the First Degree, by James Doran.—The war is becoming more and more of a field for the enterprising novelist, who naturally finds in scenes of battle a color and an atmosphere of excitement. In his new story, Mr. Doran has shown his appreciation of this fact by taking for his period the time extending from South Carolina's secession from the Union to the first battle of Bull Run. The atmosphere smells, as it were, of gunpowder, and the various characters move through the book with the spirit necessary to give dramatic effectiveness to the military background. It would be impossible, in a brief notice, to detail the plot, with its stirring situations and complications, but it is safe to say that the reader will find generous entertainment in the adventures of Crof Whifton, the little New Englander who has kept a store at a Western cross-roads, fallen in love with a banker's daughter, and played an important part in certain warlike scenes. (Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo.)

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

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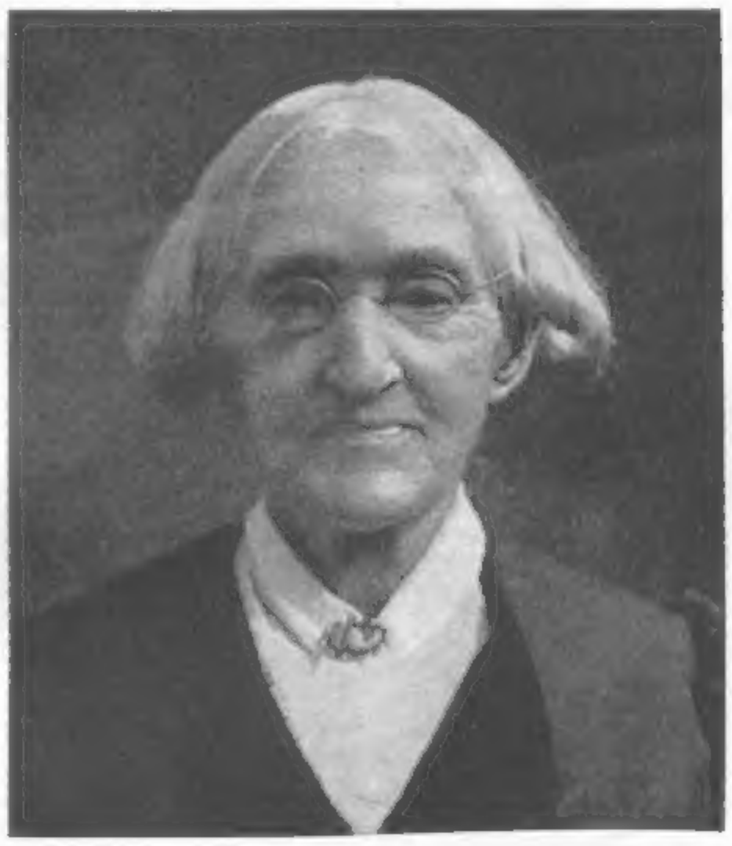

THIS is the picture of Mrs. Amelia O'Keeffe, 96 years of age, whose granddaughter's letter was published in the July issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Her physician states:

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